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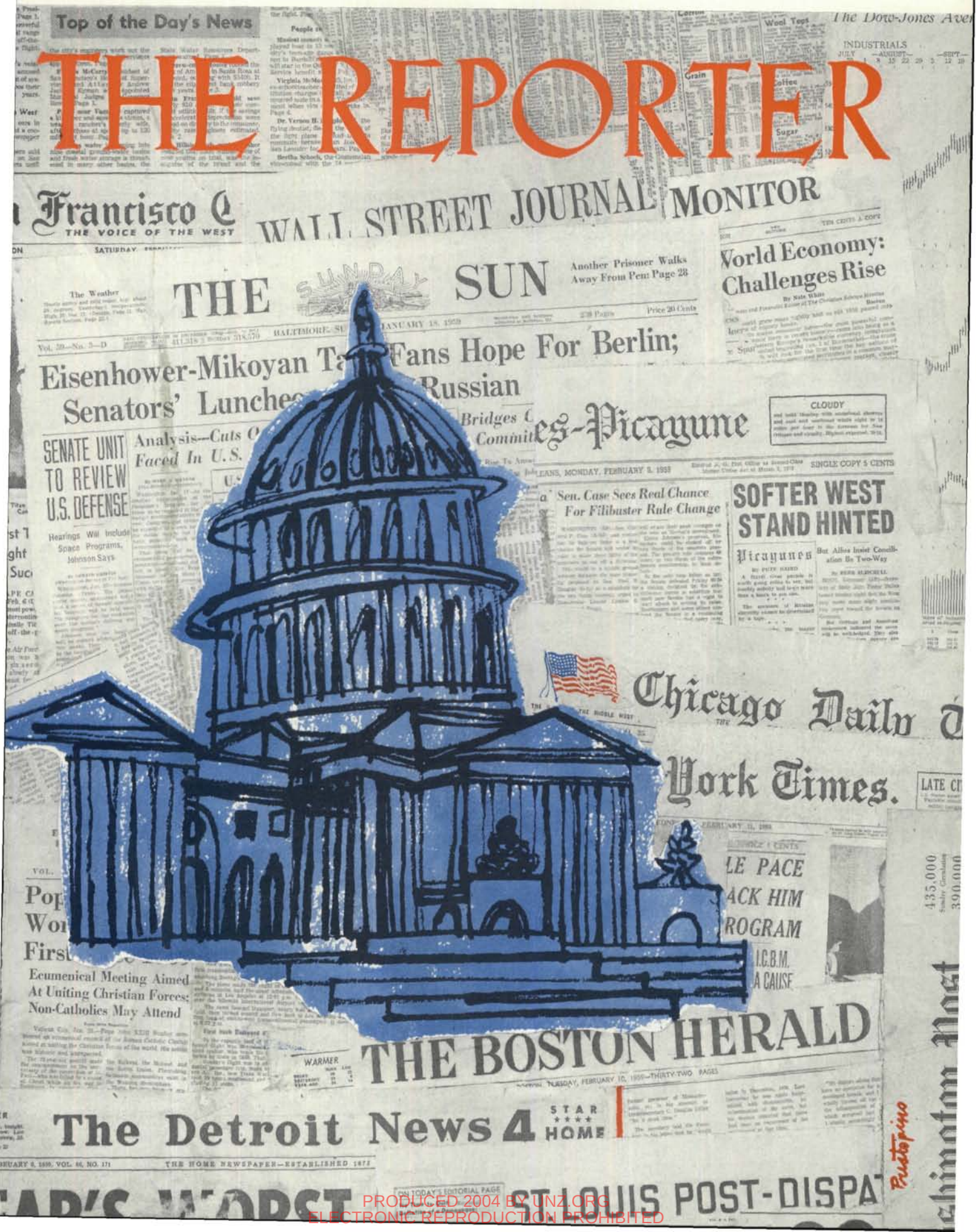

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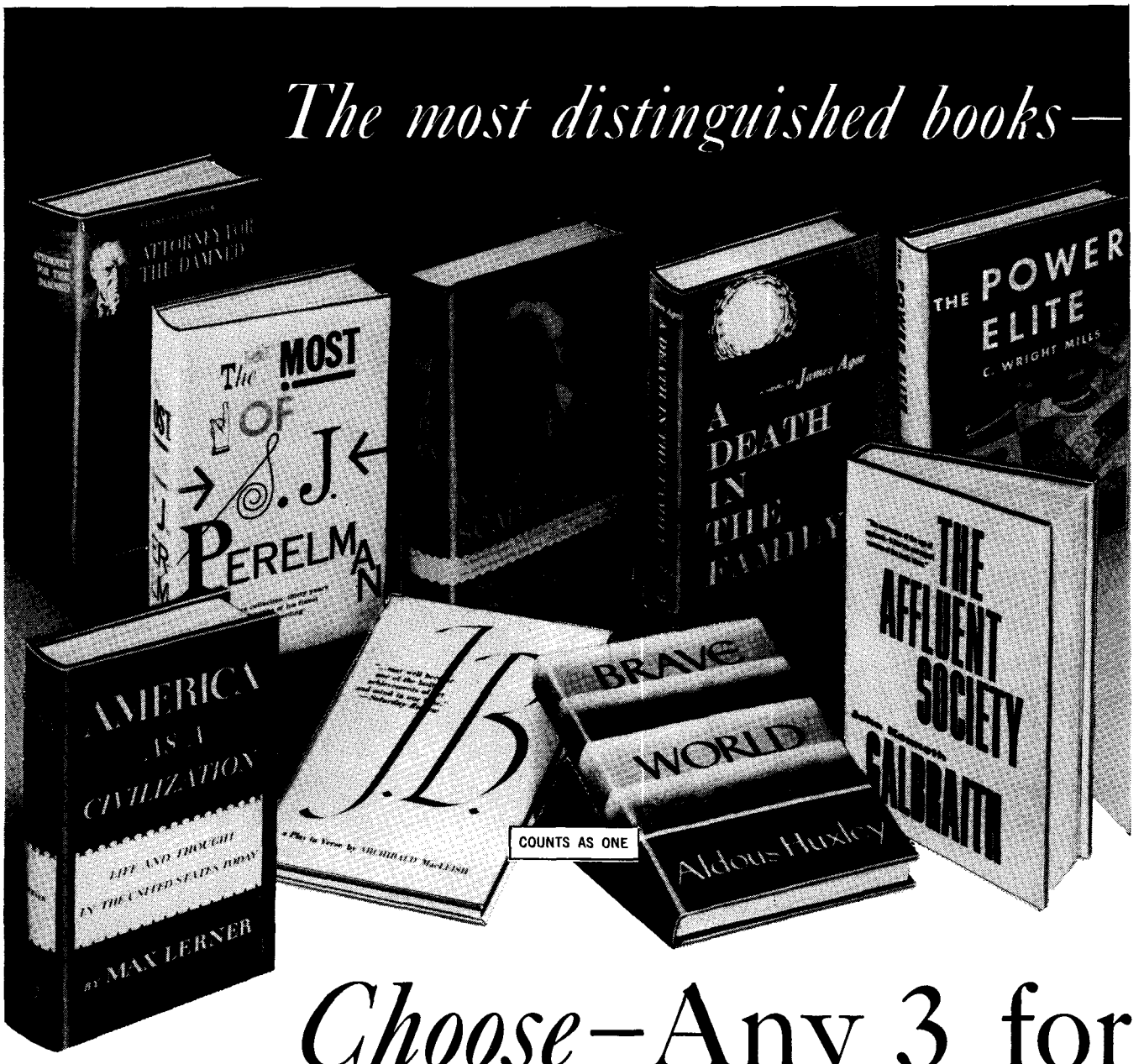

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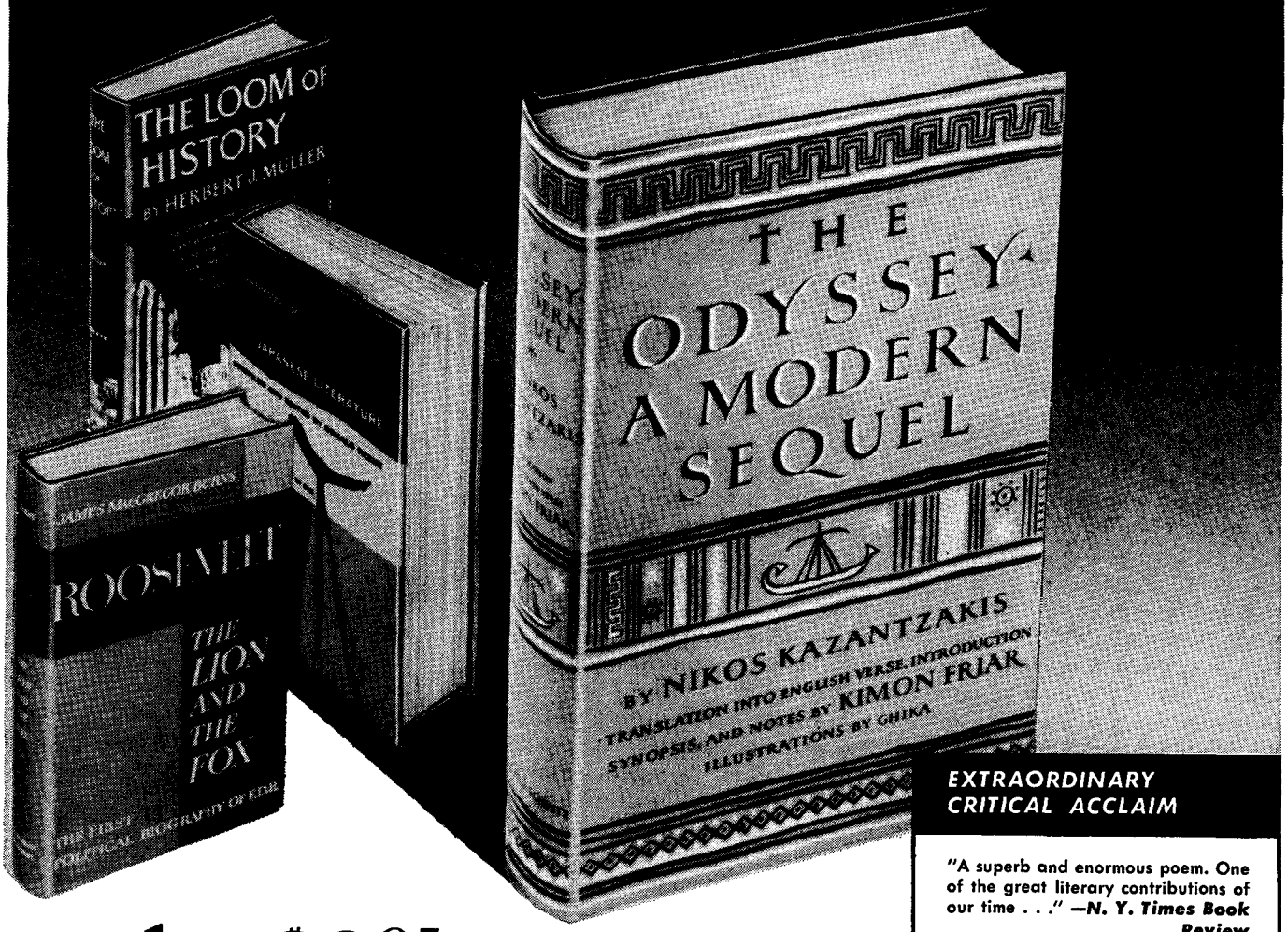
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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The White Man's Choice

One of the difficulties with having an empire is that its leaders are almost bound to have little sense of local realities. Mr. Khrushchev, it would appear, was genuinely shocked that Hungarians, given some freedom, should cease pretending to be Communists. And now the British Colonial Office finds itself distressed and appalled by bloody riots in Nyasaland, where the natives are resisting amalgamation into a Central African Federation that is dominated by the white settlers of Southern and Northern Rhodesia. The rest of the world can only wonder: what on earth did it expect?

Let us dispense with cant on this matter. It is quite true that by any reasonable standards, and certainly by the liberal standards laid down by John Stuart Mill, the natives of Central Africa are not ready for self-government, as we in the West understand that term. But it is also true that white settler domination, with its color bar and neo-Victorian paternalism, is no longer recognized by (a) the natives, (b) the general opinion of mankind, and (c) the settlers themselves in their hearts of hearts, as a durable sovereignty. Whatever mess the natives may make of their affairs, their right to make this mess is, in the present age and according to the present view, imprescriptible.

Nor is there any solid substance in the well-meaning rhetoric about "racial partnership" when the white partners are so hopelessly outnumbered. The Colonial Office, in setting up the Central African Federation, was doubtless sincere in envisioning a multiracial community, economically viable, that would serve simultaneously as both bridge and barrier between the Union of South Africa and the new black republics to the north. Partnership could be in the interest of both races but it is hard to see how it would work between the 7,500 whites and 2,630,000 blacks of Nyasaland, the 73,000 whites and 2,160,000 blacks of Northern Rhodesia, the 193,000 whites and 2,350,000 blacks of Southern Rhodesia. The very idea of "partnership" between such disproportionate numbers, with such mutually hostile sentiments, such disparate ways of life, is itself a relic of paternalistic ideology.

The plain and unvarnished truth is that, if the white minorities cannot rule, they will want to—and will probably have to—leave. Southern Rhodesia, because of the constant influx of white South African settlers and its geographical proximity to the Union, may opt to share the indecipherable fate of that country by annexing itself to it. But surely, so far as concerns the white settlers of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia—and perhaps of Kenya and Tanganyika too—the time has come when their evacuation (to Britain or Canada or Australia or wherever) may be seriously considered. It would be painful, and it would certainly be expensive, to uproot thousands of people. But it would be so cheap in comparison with the cost of maintaining white predominance by military force that there would be plenty of room for generous compensation under British and international auspices. And any tribulation they might suffer could not be compared to the trials that would be before them if they tried hopelessly to hang on against overwhelming odds, to say nothing of the damage they would wreak on the morale and reputation of the British Commonwealth.

The Yardstick That Works

The Tennessee Valley Authority, whose continued growth our President once characterized as "creeping socialism," has gotten out its yardstick again, much to the embarrassment of certain leading private enterprisers. Last month, TVA awarded a contract for a half-million-kilowatt turbogenerator to the British firm of C.A. Parsons & Co., Ltd., after having received bids from General Electric and Westinghouse. The two American companies promptly announced they were appealing to Leo A. Hoegh, director of the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization, to invoke the Buy American Act and revoke TVA's purchase in the interest of "national security." To their workers the two companies brought the sinister news that British labor, paid only forty per cent of the comparable American wages, was depriving them of more than a million man-hours of work. Rumbles of protest began to mount on Capitol Hill.

A short time ago TVA, whose chairman, Brigadier General Herbert D.

NUTSHELL

"Just what is space? Dr. James A. Van Allen . . . offers this definition . . . 'Space is the hole that we are in!'"—*New York* Herald Tribune

Heigh-ho for the hole we're in,
The little ol' rigamarole we're in,
    Question: what do we put in it?
    The works, or McElroy's foot in it?
It's a hole in the head, the hole we're in,
The hole of the world to toss or spin,
    Something more than a matter of face—
    Space.

—SEC

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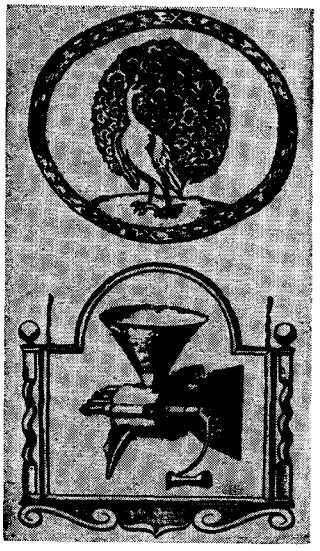

OH, IT'S A HORRID THING TO BE TORN BETWEEN PRIDE & PROFIT

[NUMBER II]

suck eggs. ¶ [What we were saying when we (The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland) ran out of space last issue is that it would be presumptuous of us to tell *you* how to drink fine whiskey. It'd be like teaching your grandmother to suck eggs, as they say. Whatever that means.] ¶ Still, there's no denying that, thanks to Irish Coffee, any number of the Americans have taken Irish Whiskey without having *truly* tasted of it and that's a fact. What happens is the fragrant coffee and the sugar cube and the cool, frothy cream on top all but drown out the principal ingredient! At no *monetary* loss to us, mind. It has been a real treat to watch the dear sales curve soaring. ¶ But Profit is not all in all; Pride has its innings. We are an enormously Prideful lot when it comes to the elegant, burnished, *emphatic* flavor of our whiskies. This is why we should like you to buy them, to drink them, to cherish them for themselves alone. ¶ "Ah! but there are nine grand brands of Irish Whiskey," you say, "Which to choose?" You've stated the problem well, we think, if floridly. Look, why don't you ask the man at the whiskey store for *his* recommendation. He will be overjoyed at your humility. ¶ Now you've grasped our dilemma you'll no doubt be wishing to take your stand for Pride or Profit as the case may be. You'll appreciate that we must remain neutral ourselves, can't afford to do otherwise. But don't let our shilly-shallying prevent *you* from being forthright. ¶ To this end we are issuing badges which we trust you will wear openly and diligently. They are quite attractive and are sure to draw admiring glances from one and all. You may obtain either the Pride Badge or the Profit Badge at no cost to yourself, that is to say, absolutely free for the asking. Address your requests to: Pride, P. O. Box 186R, Dublin, Ireland, or to Profit, P. O. Box 207R, Dublin, Ireland, as the case may be. Air Mail is fifteen cents; surface mail is eight cents; post cards, five cents. ¶ The lovely stamp you'll get on the return envelope is alone worth the effort, not to mention the brave badge. Perhaps you'd better write us via the air mail. It's speedier for one thing, more flamboyant, and be-

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Vogel, is an Eisenhower appointee, issued an explanation of its decision to buy British. For some time TVA has been disturbed by the fact that over the last eight years American firms manufacturing large turbogenerators have boosted prices by more than fifty per cent, while the average wholesale price of all commodities has increased only about five per cent. When it sought a foreign bid, TVA had announced that it would accept the lowest bid from a U.S. manufacturer if it did not exceed the lowest foreign bid by more than twenty per cent. (The Executive Order issued under the Buy American Act ordinarily requires only a six per cent preference.)

But when the G.E. and Westinghouse bids, which fell within 0.4 per cent of each other, were analyzed, it turned out that they were nearly fifty per cent higher than the Parsons bid. The Parsons bid was the only one of the three not containing an escalator clause to provide for future price increases; it also was the only one to accept TVA's requirement of a penalty clause in the event of tardy delivery. By accepting the British bid, TVA stood to save over $6 million.

The TVA yardstick revealed still other interesting comparisons. Taking the G.E. and Westinghouse estimate for the wage differential and multiplying this by the number of man-hours involved in the project, the TVA analysis discovered that the British firm's saving in labor cost, in comparison with American wages, amounts to $1.5 million, which, incidentally, is the amount it will pay in U.S. import duty. There still remains a discrepancy of $4 to $5 million between American and British bids, once the labor-cost factor is eliminated. As the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers pointed out, "This means that if G.E. and Westinghouse had gotten their labor completely free, they would have had difficulty in competing."

This raises some interesting questions. Despite cutbacks in older plants in Schenectady and East Pittsburgh which have caused unrest among the workers, the capacity of the hydraulic-turbine industry in this country increased by fifty per cent from 1950 to 1957. Sales of electrical equipment abroad have been running about ten times our imports. Last year's third-quarter profits for G.E. were the highest for any third quarter in its history; Westinghouse's third-quarter earnings were its second best. Neither company appears in imminent danger of collapse because of British competition.

The real problem for our private-enterprise economy is how to devise suitable yardsticks by which the performance of our industrial leviathans can be measured. In addition to all the other services it performs, TVA, which is one of the electrical industry's biggest customers, proves its usefulness in this respect too.

Unless, of course, we decide that a nation's security is endangered whenever it buys generators from foreign firms. If this is true, G.E., Westinghouse, and all the big exporting companies should try to sell as much as they can to China.

You Can't Miss It

Since we seem destined for some time to follow in the Russians' footsteps along the roads of space, we must realize that by minimizing their achievements of today we may be belittling our own of tomorrow.

At a press conference on January 12, Major General Donald N. Yates, commander of the Air Force Missile Test Center at Cape Canaveral, said: "What gets me is that so many people have come up to me and remarked on how clever it was of the Russians to send this thing of theirs so accurately into orbit around the sun. I ask you, once it was past the pull of the moon, where else was there for it to go?"

Now that we have managed, after several failures, to fling our own 13.4-pound Pioneer IV past the moon to join the 795-pound Russian trail blazer, perhaps we can afford to admit that the way wasn't so easy to find after all.

These Things Were Said

¶ A. I. Mikoyan is so popular in the United States because he kissed during his visit to Hollywood Jerry Lewis, at present the most popular actress.—*Czechoslovak newspaper Zmedelske Noviny.*

¶ Well, I remember that I sent Nelson Rockefeller a note a couple

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of weeks ago. It certainly didn't require any answer, and I don't remember exactly what I said; but I do remember that I said we were at least two people that believe we ought to live within our means.—*President Eisenhower.*

¶ What we must look for is a working arrangement between the White House, Walter Reed Hospital, and the Department of State.—*Walter Lippmann.*

¶ Pulpit personality, the amalgam of all the qualities that go to make an accomplished preacher, is not enough to ensure for a clergyman success as a television performer in religious programmes. That was the first lesson for a group of would-be television personalities who attended auditions here to-day for a new camera-training course.... The successful candidates will be put through a five-day course in basic television technique, qualifying them to take part in televised church services, discussions and the controversial programme *Sunday Break* in which the pill of religion is sugared for adolescents with rock 'n' roll and the cha-cha.

An official of A.B.C. Television, who are running the course, explained that the aim was "to bring our religious programmes up to the same standards as the others."—*The Times of London.*

¶ The Dances like *"Low Self Esteem"* reveal the individual Self in conflict within one's own orbit, while *"Child Idol"* places the individual in relation to the *"Family Constellation."*

"Fall Out and Missile" are dances that focus on the current code of SPACE VIOLENCE.... THIS IS A PROGRAM OF "DANCE THERAPY IN ACTION.—*"Announcement of a New York dance production called "Symbols of Now."*

¶ What type of programme the television networks will put on for polling night has not so far been officially announced. Any appeals by the parties for "dull" and uninteresting programmes during the peak polling hours, to avoid keeping people from the booths, would risk criticism as political influence with TV's freedom. —*London Sunday Times.*

¶ I didn't come here to talk politics. I represent business circles of the Soviet Union.—*Khrushchev at the Leipzig Fair.*

Corfe Castle—seat of the wicked King John.

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THIS young couple rented a sporty little British sedan. The ideal car for country lanes. It cost them a total of 11¢ a mile, including gas, oil—everything.

Here is a quick review of some of the other happy discoveries they made during their tour:

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2. You can get a Scotch-and-soda for approximately 35¢. A foaming half-pint of ale for about 14¢.

3. You can buy cashmere sweaters for under $20. Leather pocketbooks for $12.50. And you can bring back $500 worth of goods, *duty-free.*

4. You can get a good seat in a London theater for under $2.

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CORRESPONDENCE

ON FLEXIBILITY

To the Editors: My government for many years has been of the opinion that Soviet policies concerning Germany were motivated by the wish "to unhinge the alliance." Reading Max Ascoli's editorial "The New Look: Flexibility" (*The Reporter*, February 19), I felt strongly that he very aptly explained to his readers why the governments of the western powers have decided to stand inflexible as to some basic principles they feel to be legally and morally sound. Mr. Ascoli's admonition to the public not to overdo their craving for flexibility has been heartening indeed.

AMBASSADOR WILHELM GREWE
German Embassy
Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: While correctly warning against the tendency of some western diplomats to make flexibility turn into appeasement, Max Ascoli seems to imply that flexibility *means* appeasement. What purpose would international negotiations serve if the parties involved refused to become sufficiently flexible so that mutually satisfactory agreements could be reached?

The editorial implies further that western diplomats are unable to gain any valuable concessions from Soviet negotiators. I think that the Austrian settlement should have shown that this need not be true. It is wrong to state that an American negotiator will, of necessity, be meeting with the Russians on their own terms simply because he has more than one solution to propose.

JOHN W. VINCENT
Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

To the Editors: I will say without hesitation that I consider Max Ascoli's excellent editorial on "Flexibility" the most precisely worded and most clearly expressed analysis of the situation as it exists today. Mr. Ascoli's words will be most warmly welcomed by everybody who is interested in the preservation of our western freedom and in resisting any Communist attempt to undermine and unhinge the unity and solidarity of the free western nations.

RICHARD MOENNIG
Inter Nationes
(Cultural Information Center)
Bonn

THE UNDEFENDED BORDER

To the Editors: I have read with great interest the article by William H. Hessler, "Canada's Case of the American Jitters" (*The Reporter*, February 19). It is a sane and balanced assessment of a complicated and sensitive—especially from the Canadian side—problem.

LESTER B. PEARSON
Leader of the Opposition
House of Commons
Ottawa

To the Editors: Mr. Hessler seems to assume that because subsidiaries of United States corporations comprise a large share of total Canadian industry, this somehow threatens Canada's existence as a sovereign political entity. The *somehow* is not spelled out; perhaps because it does not exist. Canadian voters who elect representatives to the Canadian House of Commons represent the source of political power in Canada and their voting decisions are not determined by whether they work for a company whose controlling stockholders happen to be Canadian capitalists, U.S. capitalists, or Swiss capitalists. Do members of the UAW vote Taft Republican because they work for General Motors?

HENRY N. GOLDSTEIN
Arlington, Virginia

To the Editors: As the only U.S. citizen who is a member of the Canadian Committee of the National Planning Association, I am completely familiar with all of the facts contained in Mr. Hessler's article, since it has been a matter of relatively detailed study by the Association. All in all, I think most of the complaints are well founded and most seem to be somewhat better now than they were this time six months ago or a year ago.

I have had a long talk with Donald Fleming, Canada's minister of finance, and have given him a three-page letter of substantiation to the effect that some U.S. companies operate in Canada on a basis that would be completely satisfactory to any government of any country anywhere in the world in the way of charitable donations, civic and charitable works, employment of Canadians and having these Canadians go to the top, etc., etc.

W. E. WILLIAMS
President and General Manager
The Procter & Gamble Company
of Canada, Ltd.

THE PH.D. MILL

To the Editors: I enjoyed reading Gerald Weales's delightful review of Hans Rosenhaupt's statistical study of graduate students at Columbia from 1940-1956 ("On Being a Statistic," *The Reporter*, February 19). Obviously, books could be written about other aspects of graduate life here, and, God knows, about the individuals. A quick check with Dr. Weales's department reveals that he was not just a statistic here.

LAWTON P. G. PECKHAM
Dean of Graduate Faculties
Columbia University
New York

To the Editors: As a member now in good standing suffering in the last throes of graduate work at Professor

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Weales's university, I should like to underscore his remarks on life in the graduate mill. To hear someone on the other side of the lectern say these things does my heart good.

GEORGE A. TEST
Allegheny College
Meadville, Pennsylvania

AN INDEPENDENT JUDICIARY

To the Editors: Your magazine has done a distinct public service by publishing John R. Thompson's article on recess appointments to the Supreme Court ("Mr. Justice Stewart Serves 'On Approval,'" *The Reporter*, February 5). If the frequent use of the permissible power by President Eisenhower is followed by future Presidents, the practice will go far toward diluting the respect for the Supreme Court as a tribunal composed exclusively of justices who are entirely independent. Prior to confirmation, the "recess appointee" cannot avoid political considerations as they may affect him, however unconscious this process may be. I was astounded to learn from the article how infrequent the use of the permissive power was prior to the present administration.

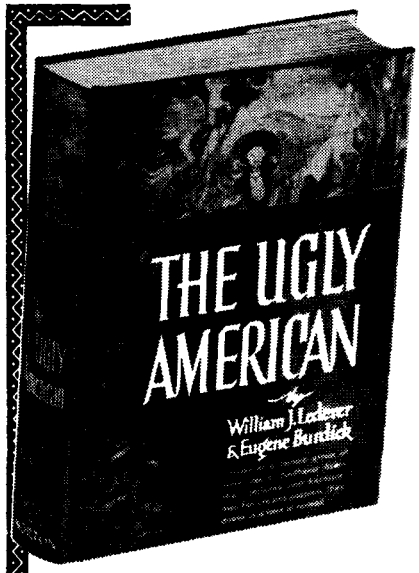
FRANCIS E. WINSLOW
Member, Standing Committee
on Federal Judiciary
American Bar Association
Rocky Mount, North Carolina

To the Editors: John R. Thompson's article contains a rather serious factual misstatement. After noting the rejection of Rutledge's recess appointment, Mr. Thompson states: "For the next 158 years no President made or, so far as is known, seriously considered a recess appointment to the court," until Warren's appointment in 1953.

According to a study recently published by the staff of the House Committee on the Judiciary, there have been fifteen recess appointments to the Supreme Court. In the period from Rutledge to Warren only one of these interim appointees, Benjamin Curtis, sat on the bench prior to approval by the Senate. Curtis assumed duties as a Justice of the Supreme Court on circuit on October 15, 1851. He joined his brethren on the high court on December 1, 1851, and was confirmed by the Senate on December 20.

LOUIS S. LOEB
The American University
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Thompson replies:
I slipped up in not discovering that Justice Curtis was indeed sworn in and actively served for a while as a member of the Supreme Court before Senate confirmation. Thus, until the present administration, two justices, not one, underwent a period of service "on approval." That is the kind of situation my article was about and to which I was referring in the sentence excerpted by Mr. Loeb.



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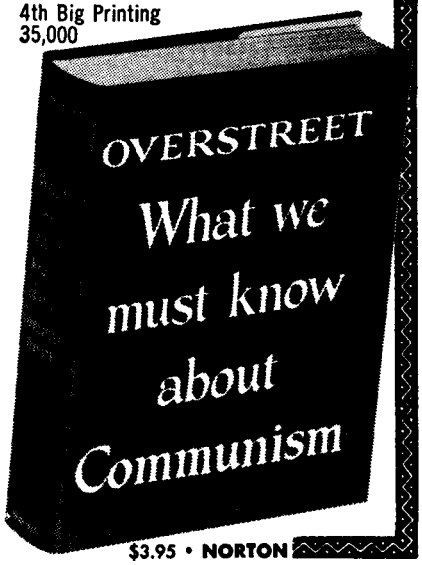

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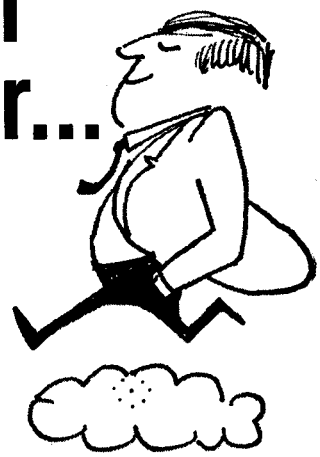

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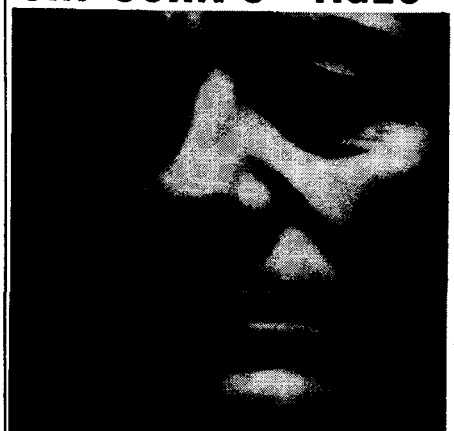

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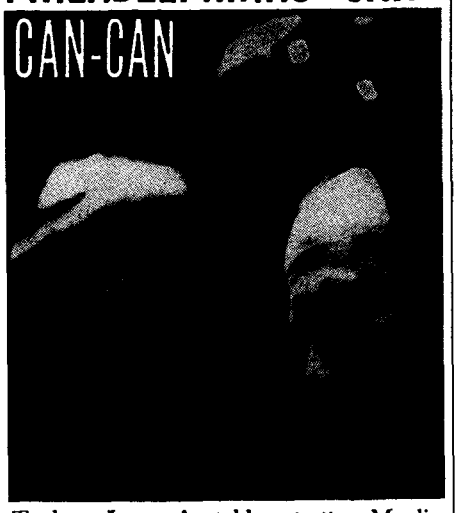

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

"THE GALLERY in which the reporters sit has become a fourth estate of the realm," Thomas Babington Macaulay dramatically asserted in 1828. He was writing at a time when memories were still alive of men who had been peremptorily jailed for daring to report in print a parliamentary debate; and he was himself at that time indulging in a bit of pardonable journalistic hyperbole. But the hyperbole of one century becomes the understatement of the next. The "fourth estate" is no longer a clever literary phrase; it is a large and powerful reality, which in the United States has achieved a quasi-constitutional status and function. "The fourth branch of government," **Douglass Cater,** our Washington Editor, calls it in a book of that title to be brought out by Houghton Mifflin later this spring. In excerpts from this book which we publish in this issue and the next, Mr. Cater takes us behind the scenes to witness the dynamic interaction whereby Washington politics makes news—and news makes Washington politics. This process is not exactly a secret one; but, on the other hand, neither is it the sort of thing one can learn about from reading the newspapers.

THE BERLIN CRISIS, analyzed by **Max Ascoli** in his editorial, is NATO's greatest test. This is the sort of situation it was created to cope with. Will it succeed, or will it go down in history as just another unhappy collection of capital letters? Under the general title "Spotlight on NATO," we present three reports that reveal the kinds of stress the alliance is experiencing—and also the kinds of modest success it is achieving. **Alastair Buchan,** former military and diplomatic correspondent for the *Observer,* is now the director of the Institute for Strategic Studies in London. **William H. Hessler** is with the *Enquirer* in Cincinnati. **Waverley Root,** who is on the staff of Atlantic Features in Paris, is also the author of *The Food of France,* published by Knopf last spring.

Al Newman, a veteran war correspondent and former *Reporter* managing editor, wrote about the Cuban Revolution in our February 19 issue. . . . **Daniel Schorr** has just returned to this country from Poland and is going back in April to open the CBS Bureau there. His latest contribution to *The Reporter* was "Marking Time in Warsaw" (January 8, 1959).

A MEMBER of the Department of English and Comparative Literature at the University of New Mexico, **Willis D. Jacobs** spent the academic year 1957-1958 as visiting professor at a university in Spain which provides the setting for his article. . . . **Marya Mannes,** having had a considerable success with *More in Anger* (Lippincott), has now published *Subverse* (Braziller), illustrated by Robert Osborn. It consists of verse she wrote for *The Reporter* in her capacity as "Sec." We are very pleased to announce that Miss Mannes has just been awarded, for her radio and television criticism in this magazine for 1958, the George Polk Memorial Award, given by the Department of Journalism of Long Island University. . . . **Francis S. Ronalds, Jr.,** who specialized in Russian studies at the Sorbonne and at the Russian Institute at Columbia, is manager of the news department of Radio Liberation in Munich. . . . **Steven Marcus** teaches at Columbia. . . . **Adolf A. Berle, Jr.,** was U.S. ambassador to Brazil in 1945-1946. . . . **Otto Friedrich,** along with his wife, Priscilla, is the author of two children's books, *The Easter Bunny That Overslept* and *Clean Clarence,* both published by Lothrop. . . . **Gerald Weales,** who teaches at the University of Pennsylvania, has also written a children's book, *Miss Grimsbee Is a Witch* (Atlantic). . . . **Nathan Glazer,** co-author of *The Lonely Crowd,* has edited for the University of California Press a selection of studies on the problems of minority groups in housing. It is scheduled for mid-1959 publication. . . . **Roland Gelatt,** executive editor of *High Fidelity,* is the author of *The Fabulous Phonograph* (Lippincott).

Our cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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The Countdown Has Begun

Senator Fulbright has said it: "To force the President into a negotiating straitjacket or to overwhelm him—and the world—with unco-ordinated and perhaps conflicting advice would cause nothing but trouble." He urged a moratorium, the New York *Times* reported, on Senate debate over the problem of Berlin. We respectfully submit that writers on public affairs might well call a moratorium on suggestions as to what our government should propose in the forthcoming negotiations with the Russians. Too many plans have been presented, all aimed at proving that we too can be positive and constructive and imaginative. It has been stated that the best solution of the Berlin crisis would be to remove the inhabitants of West Berlin who so wish somewhere well inside West Germany, and then to name the place where they congregate Berlin. Frequently constructiveness has been accompanied by a more or less reluctant acceptance of the Alliance's demolition.

Charity as well as the gravity of the situation inclines us to hope that all such brilliant plans and schemes, packaged or otherwise, will be quickly forgotten, and the game—let's-pretend-I-am-President-or-Secretary of State—postponed to quieter times. It is far more important to realize how the present crisis was brought about by the Russians in an area and with a timetable of their choosing—a crisis of such unprecedented, portentous gravity as to make all the long-established concepts of diplomacy and strategy both incongruous and obsolete. For the passing of each day brings us closer to the 27th of May, a deadline that could be postponed for a month or two, courtesy of Khrushchev. As Lyndon Johnson has said, the countdown has begun.

Substitutes for War

The first cause of it all is that we as well as the Russians cannot have war and cannot have peace. Whatever peace we may think we have is unreal, for it has lost its shadow. This situation may change if in producing new weapons of defense and offense we fall too far behind the Russians—a point we have not yet reached. We are still locked with the Russians by the reciprocal deterrent of coextinction. What is called coexistence is not a diplomatic goal but a brutal fact, which we must learn to cope with in order to break the hold it has on us. The Russians share with us the excruciating pain of coexistence but, because of the philosophy they profess, their hope of bringing it to an end is far more militant and persevering.

As our President has said many a time, there is no substitute for peace—at least as long as the war potential of one side is equivalent to that of the other. Yet some ways had to be found to bring about changes in the existing order of international affairs—particularly considering how coexistence is intolerable for both sides, and how each must of necessity bend all its energies to accelerate the process of self-destruction in the other. The Berlin and German crisis the Russians have manufactured is the most compelling demonstration of the fact that they have found effective substitutes for war. Of all the various gaps we talk about this is the most menacing.

With his move on Berlin and for the unification of Germany, Khrushchev has asked us to lend him a friendly hand in achieving a most cherished goal: the toppling of the Alliance. This rude and jovial operator has advanced his proposals with a remarkable knowledge of the weak spots in our armor and of the weak sisters in our midst. He has been talking in terms of plain, homely reasonableness, and many a convinced anti-Communist in the Allied nations and in our own has zealously echoed his words. Why should detachments of three Allied armies be kept in West Berlin, thereby contributing to the insecurity of the Communist governments in eastern Europe? And why not persuade the two Germanies to patch up their differences and make the united country into the showplace of coexistence? Above all, why not have peace, peace, peace, as Khrushchev put it, and set up an exchange of goods, travelers, and jokes?

Peace, of course, would be wonderful, if only the rulers of the Communist empire could give up their obstinate habit of making elaborate preparations for our burial, and for our more or less orderly demise. Actually, no peace is possible with them, but only a

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patchwork of limited, conditional arrangements of a precarious nature based on reciprocal deterrents—which is more or less what we have. As for the two Germanies, they certainly could unite, while keeping their different régimes—if only the events of 1948 in central Europe had never occurred, if Czechoslovakian freedom could be unstrangled and Jan Masaryk could be brought back to life. Yet, after having seen in more recent times what happened to Hungary when it gained a measure of freedom, there are still people in our midst willing to believe that democracy and Communism can coexist in the same nation and be bound together by gentle, confederal ties.

Germany, forced to pay for its unity by institutionalizing coexistence, would at least at the beginning become a no man's land. The little or middle-sized tyrannical rulers in the East would be guaranteed tenure of office by the freely elected authorities of the West. This, however, and the prospect of anarchy first, Communist oppression later, does not particularly affect those who cherish the prospect of European nations turned into neutral no man's lands. This kind of neutrality they call disengagement.

KHRUSHCHEV, who is an ambitious man, and probably more of a gambler than his predecessor, aims at an Ally-free Berlin, at a softened Balkanized Germany—and at our heart. He heads an empire and wants to break asunder that commonwealth in the making, the Atlantic Alliance. Once Germany were "disengaged," the job would not be too hard. Once the Berlin anchor were pulled up and West Germany set adrift, there would not be much of a commonwealth left to counter the Communist empire. The United States alone is no match for that empire except—as of now because of SAC and of the bases abroad—in case of total nuclear war. For all his controlled, clownish ebullience, Khrushchev is no madman.

In an emergency of unlimited duration, in a situation of partial, conditioned peace, even more than in war, the United States desperately needs the help of its NATO Allies. Alone, our country would be outnumbered and in the not too distant future outproduced by the Communist empire. The strength of our nation, its capacity to grow, to devise substitutes for war and to survive the test of coexistence—all this depends on our action within the Atlantic community and the response we elicit from the other members of the community.

In Continental Europe, the most vigorous, powerful nation is West Germany. It is also the nation that has most consistently shown its willingness to subordinate its national independence to supranational structures. Yet in our country, and even from the floor of the U.S. Senate, eloquent voices have been raised advocating the cause of German nationalism *über Alles*. Senator Mansfield, an eminently judicious man, has called Berlin "the citadel of German nationalism"—as if it were nothing but that. If this cult of national unity were to be carried to its ultimate conclusion, the supranational entity designed to counter the Communist empire would be immolated on the altar of nationalism.

The Truncated Nation

It is inevitable and desirable that negotiations with Soviet Russia, with or without other nations belonging to the Communist empire, should be held. If there is unity among the Allies, if there is a determination to hasten the growth of the Atlantic community into a commonwealth, if it is made clear to our Communist opponents that there is not one NATO power whose belonging to the Alliance can be bargained over, then we have nothing to fear. In the course of negotiations that can take place at the summit or near summit, or at the U.N., some political schemes that have been batted around can be thoroughly tested and discarded.

It is possible that the schemes for the unification of Germany in freedom may be put aside. Once the Allied representatives have forced their Russian and Communist counterparts to spell out what the unification of the two Germanies actually means, the conclusion may well be reached that for its own sake it is better for Germany to remain divided. Truncated Germany is the harrowing evidence of how cruel, how truly unendurable is the coexistence of the Communist empire and democratic freedom. As the Russians are now showing us, formidable substitutes for war can be tried out aimed at ending coexistence—in their favor. This would happen if we were insane enough to let the Russians roll us back, if the dividing line were not at the Brandenburg Gate but on the oceans that surround us.

In negotiating with the Russians, the Allied representatives and our own should not be self-conscious about holding to the *status quo*. To acknowledge it and to defeat the Communists' design to upset it does not mean that we accept the present order of things as permanent or good. But as long as it hurts them, it is good enough for us.

ONE OF THE MAJOR IMPEDIMENTS of our diplomacy since the war has been the silly notion that to recognize a régime not of our liking means to approve of it, and to guarantee it against the danger of attack from within or without. The Russians, having long since recognized the seedy puppet government of East Germany, now threaten to sign a peace treaty with it. For all these formalities mean, so could we and our Allies—provided the *status quo* in West Berlin is maintained. Wherever there is a government that rules its people, no matter how tyrannically, we ought to have our representatives there—not to sanction that government, but to keep an eye on its people. There are infinite possibilities of action open to us everywhere in the world, once we drop the inane policy of nonrecognition.

As for the Germans, it can truly be said that so long as their country remains truncated, they render mankind a service unequaled by any other nation.

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Government by Publicity

DOUGLASS CATER

MORE THAN in any other capital in the world or any other city in the United States, there is prestige and privilege belonging to the lowly reporter in Washington. Even those who have graduated to the higher callings of columnist or bureau chief still take a modest pride in identifying themselves by the lesser title. Within the press corps, faint derision attaches to one who prefers anything more pretentious.

The Washington correspondent clings to the image of the reporter as the supreme individual in the age of the organization man. His prestige symbols encourage him in this notion. The Pulitzer Prizes, the Heywood Broun and Raymond Clapper Awards handed out each year, all go to the individual who has beaten the system and gotten the "scoop." Even the hoary myth of the swashbuckling, free-wheeling, heavy-drinking reporter who pursues news with a hunch and a hangover dies hard. It is desperately nourished in the literature of the profession and in the tall tales swapped around the Press Club bar.

The reality is a bit different. The Washington correspondent's business, like most big businesses, has become specialized, compartmentalized, channelized, even routinized to a degree that would shock his predecessor of a few decades ago.

THE BACKBONE of the business and, to a certain extent, its central nervous system are the giant wire services with a labor force large enough to monitor every major news outlet in the capital and to maintain a steady outgoing flow of words. The wire-service employee scarcely conforms to old-fashioned notions of the reporter who each twenty-four hours dictates a first draft of history. He is rather the bucket boy for a never-ceasing stream of news that may be scooped up at any hour of day or night and poured into print by the far-flung distributors.

There are the Washington bureaus of the big-city dailies and the chain papers—highly varied operations ranging from the twenty-three-man princely state maintained by the New York *Times* to the one- and two-man outposts of the Denver *Post* and the Providence *Journal*. These reporters are the most direct spiritual heirs of the ancient tradition of the Washington correspondent. They range widely in their purpose. For some it is an unending search for scandal and exposé. Some consider their function to be the more leisurely digestion of the raw meat of the headlines. Another sizable contingent of the Washington press corps is composed of the "localizers" of the news. They bear daily testimony to the fact that the United States has become a world power whose interests are still heavily provincial. These reporters view Washington through the eyes of Dubuque, or Kalamazoo, or Nashville.

Other reporters view the Washington scene from other perspectives. Reporters for the news weeklies—artisans on a different type of assembly line from the wire services—dig out the primary components necessary to give a factual shape and color to the week's events. Other components—style, polish, "meaning"—are added further along the assembly line, in the skyscraper workshops of New York. Reporters for radio and television scan the horizon with restless radarscopes in search of news in shapes that can be heard and seen. And syndicated columnists, the most independent of the news merchants, batter the barricades for their "inside news" purveyed three times or more weekly and ranging in content from foreign policy to freight rates.

THE REPORTER is the recorder of government, but he is also a participant. He operates in a system in which power is divided. He as much as anyone—and more than a great many—helps to shape the course of government. He is the indispensable broker and middleman among the subgovernments of Washington. He can choose from among the myriad events that seethe beneath the surface of government which to describe, which to ignore. He can illumine policy and notably assist in giving it sharpness and clarity; just as easily, he can prematurely expose policy and, as with undeveloped film, cause its destruction. At his worst, operating with arbitrary and faulty standards, he can be an agent of disorder and

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confusion. At his best, he can exert a creative influence on Washington politics.

In no other major capital does the reporter have quite this political role. Patrick O'Donovan, correspondent for the London *Observer,* has commented: "Most strangers are astonished by the power of the American and, more particularly, the Washington press. It fulfills an almost constitutional function. And it works with a seriousness and responsibility which—even though it may lack the luxuries of style—cannot be matched in Britain today."

The Spotlight Shifts

During the latter years of the Truman administration, the widely publicized Congressional challenge to Presidential leadership aroused deep concern among those anxious about America's role in the free-world alliance. Yet, viewed with the hindsight of a very few years, it appears a curious sort of challenge. It is doubtful whether a single prerogative of the Presidency was actually diminished. What had in fact happened was simply that *the focus of public attention shifted from the White House to the committee rooms of Congress.* Prior to 1950, the major events of government that attracted public attention included the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, Point Four, the Berlin airlift, and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization with its accompanying Military Defense Assistance Program—all Executive-inspired and carried out with the "advice and consent" of Congress. From 1950 to 1953, in any newsman's book the major Washington stories would include the Tydings investigation of the McCarthy charges, the MacArthur dismissal inquiry, the McCarran hearings, and McCarthy's continuing warfare against the State Department. Congress, not the President, became the principal source of news, explanation, and opinion.

The investigations themselves were singularly barren of conclusions. Despite all the furor, they did not result in drastic legislative reforms or even in substantial defeats to the administration's foreign-policy program. Yet it would be idle to claim that this shift in public attention had not affected the workings of the American government. It served to diminish the usefulness of a great many of the President's chief lieutenants and to elevate into positions of commanding importance hitherto obscure members of Congress. It enabled one comparatively junior senator lacking the conventional trappings of seniority and prestige to sustain for a considerable time a threat to the President's control over the Executive branch. It created serious doubts at home and abroad whether the President did in truth stand at the helm of government during a critical time in world affairs. This era, in brief, illus-

trates the degree to which the reporting of events can itself be a major political event.

PUBLICITY is a force that has become uniquely essential to the American system of government, in which "public opinion" is called on daily to arbitrate between two competing branches of government that are supposedly separate and co-ordinate according to what Woodrow Wilson called the "literary theory" of our Constitution.

In recent years, U.S. government has, in fact, experienced a curious turnabout in the exercise of powers from what was envisaged in Constitutional doctrine. The President, aided by a growing staff of experts, has become the prime formulator of legislative programs and the chief budget maker. Congress, on the other hand, with the proliferation of its investigative committees, ever attempts to serve as board of review and veto over the ordinary administration of the Executive departments. Each, in testing the undefined limits of these new claimed prerogatives, must resort unceasingly to public explanation to sustain the logic of its claims.

Within the Executive branch itself, grown large and infinitely compartmentalized, the publicity competition often takes on the character of a life-and-death struggle. Inside the Pentagon, where a sizable chunk of the Federal budget is divided up, the highest classifications of military secrecy often go out the window in the rivalry among the three services. When an Army colonel was court-martialed in 1957 for leaking to the press information about the Army missile Jupiter, Dr. Wernher von Braun, head of the Army Missile Program, testified in his defense: "The Jupiter involves several million dollars of the taxpayers' money. One hundred per cent security would mean no information for the public, no money for the Army, no Jupiter . . . The Army has got to play the same game as the Air Force and the Navy."

THE REPORTER in Washington has witnessed on numerous occasions how the journalistic mask of a public figure can take possession of the man himself. More than witnessed—he has often played an active role in the transformation. A leading correspondent who prefers to remain anonymous has provided a revealing illustration of this creative function of journalism in a letter to a friend:

"I have had one very important experience in this town. I knew Arthur Vandenberg when I thought he was the most pompous and prejudiced man in the United States Senate. I saw him change partly by the processes of mellowing old age, but mainly by accident and particularly as a result of public reaction to his famous speech of January 10, 1945. I happen to know that that speech, or rather the main parts of it, were largely accidental. I can say to you privately that I was, myself, quite by chance responsible for that change in the speech. But my point is that what changed Vandenberg was not the speech itself, but the press of public reaction to the speech, and from then on, as you know, he played and important role in winning bipartisan support for the concept of collective security."

What the writer failed to add was

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that the "public reaction" was in large part stimulated by the tremendous fanfare that leading newspapers gave to Vandenberg's speech—a build-up that took the senator quite by surprise, as he confessed in his private papers, published posthumously. It was not the first time—nor will it be the last—that the Washington journalist has hailed the policy declaration that he himself had a hand in ghosting.

This tendency for the development of news to influence reactively the development of events is a force that cannot be precisely charted. The interaction can be a result of pure chance. It can, as modern practitioners of the art of public relations appreciate, be made the object of manipulation. It can even be a product of conscious co-operation, or lack of it, between the politician and the press.

What Acheson Told Reston

News standards go to the very core of policy formulation by high officials. At a gathering of newsmen to pay honor to him for his famous plan, General George C. Marshall described the publicity problems of putting the plan across. And Paul G. Hoffman, at the same gathering, paid glowing tribute to certain members of the Washington press corps. "We would have never gotten the dollars," said Hoffman, "if it hadn't been for the support of the reporters of the Overseas Writers' Club." The tribute was duly and modestly accepted by those present.

Yet there is a basic conflict of interest between the government and the press that creates continuing unrest in Washington. On Dean Acheson's last day in office as Secretary of State, he was paid a visit by James Reston, Washington correspondent for the new York *Times*. The purpose of Reston's call was to ask quite bluntly why the Secretary and he had not enjoyed better working relations. Underlying his question was the unhappy conviction that Acheson, who brought unusually high talents to the office, had been unwittingly caught in the riptides of publicity. His effectiveness had been gradually eroded by failures of communication.

Secretary Acheson answered with equal bluntness that better relations would have been impossible, since there was a basic conflict of purpose between the two of them. A Secretary of State, Acheson said, has to germinate new policies and to nurse them along until they have reached the stage of development when they can withstand the battering assaults of the political arena. The reporter's primary purpose, on the other hand, is to get news for his paper, no matter what the effect on policy.

Reston stoutly denies that the conflict can be defined in quite these terms. He admits that it is the duty of the reporter to get at the news while it is still news. In government today, when so many policy decisions are made in the closed precincts of the Executive departments, the press would be abdicating its function if it were to sit by until these decisions are formally announced. But Reston argues that Secretary Acheson failed to understand and make use of the creative power of the press to muster public support for sound policy and, alternatively, to gauge the full extent of public reaction to unsound or unrealistic policy.

This dialogue between the Secretary and the reporter—both able and earnest men, both anxious that democratic government also be effective government—reveals a dilemma of government and the press. It is more recognizable in the American system than in those parliamentary democracies where the press does not play nearly so intimate a role.

THE AMERICAN fourth estate today operates as a *de facto* quasi-official fourth branch of government, its institutions no less important because they have been developed informally and, indeed, haphazardly. Twelve hundred or so members of the Washington press corps, bearing no authority other than accreditation by a newspaper, wire service, or network, are part of the privileged officialdom in the nation's capital. The power they exercise is continuing and substantive.

Yet the interaction of the government and the press needs to be examined to discover how much or how little it contributes to a continuing disorder in American democracy. It is a failure for democracy when government fails to explain itself clearly and candidly to the citizens. It is equally a failure when the press fails to communicate intelligibly the news of government or when that news becomes an instrument in the hands of self-seeking interests.

'THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT'

NO MONARCH in history has had a retinue like that which gathers about the American President and calls itself the White House press corps. The reporters hang about his antechamber with the self-assurance of privileged courtiers at some feudal court, keeping under constant surveillance and interrogation those who pass in and out—governors, cabinet members, senators, ambassadors. They dog the President's every step and turn his most casual conversation into a mass meeting. Their special plane takes off after the one carrying the President and alights just in advance of it. Thus even the contingency of a fatal crack-up has been calculated so as not to interrupt the flow of prompt and plentiful publicity about our President.

Just to the right of the entrance to the White House's west wing where the President has his office, a special room has been set aside for the press, its typewriters, its telephones, its poker table. There the twenty to thirty White House "regulars"—reporters whose sole assignment is to cover this tiny beat—spend much of their day. Directly across the entrance hall, the Press Secretary has offices connected by private corridor to the President's own office. Two and three times daily the Press Secretary meets with the regulars and any other reporters who may wander in. And throughout the day the reporters are in constant touch with the Press Secretary and his assistants, checking leads, listening for tips, or simply killing time.

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But the chief event of the week is when the reporters, one hundred and fifty to two hundred strong, file into the ornate little room in the old State Department Building once used for signing treaties. They pack themselves into row on row of tightly spaced steel folding chairs and overflow onto the rococo balcony up near the ceiling. Along the back of the room a solid bank of floodlights and cameras adds to the congestion. In the heat of Washington summer it is almost unbearable. At the appointed hour the doors are closed against the laggards, and the nation's leading citizen hurries in from a side entrance to meet the press. His assistants march in behind him to listen, but seldom to intercede. There may be a few prepared words, and then, with a barely perceptible Presidential nod, it begins. Reporters rise and vie for recognition. For the next half hour, the President's gaze scans the assemblage and the President's nod designates who shall be his interrogators. His choice is generally a random one and as a consequence the interchange of question and answer is apt to be quite haphazard. The ceremony is not very solemn, but the underlying solemnity of the occasion can never be entirely forgotten. For a time the President of the United States stands alone, unshielded by the layers of officialdom that lie between him and the American public.

The conference may follow a smooth and gentle course. Or it may explode with unabashed savagery, the reporters probing relentlessly into a touchy subject and the President lashing back angrily at question and questioner. Then, at a signal from the press itself, it is all over. The grand finale is a scene of frenzy. Turning their backs on the still standing President, reporters from the wire services and networks who occupy the frontmost seats charge down the center aisle in a pushing, shoving race to reach the telephone booths just outside the door.

Foreign visitors to the President's press conference depart from this undisciplined ritual with a feeling of awe, consternation, or outright disgust. But they rarely fail to be impressed by its importance as a central act in the high drama of American government.

Why such mutual fascination between the President and the press? What prompts the editor and publisher to devote so much money and space to the Presidential press conference? And what, in turn, causes the President to put up with the in-

cessant inroads on his privacy? The answer lies in the very nature of modern American government. Proper relations with the press are as essential to its orderly functioning as the power to levy taxes and pass laws.

The Press Beats the Measure

Any President who may lightly consider abolishing the press conference, as Eisenhower reportedly did during the hectic months before his inauguration, must come to recognize its value as a device for keeping public attention focused on himself as the single most important person in the United States and, for that matter, the free world. By having the floodlights thus fixed, the President can give his words and gestures subtle gradations of meaning, and avoid the stark black-and-white they would acquire in a formal announcement. He can, if he chooses, address words of intercession or exhortation to Congress that would not be altogether effective for him to speak in his weekly conferences with Congressional leaders of his party. He can, with a casual word at his press conference, break an administrative log jam in the vast Federal bureaucracy spread out beneath him. Finally, he can speak to the foreign governments, for which his slightest nuance may have considerable meaning.

All this the press conference can do for the President. Yet the blunt fact remains that to a large extent, its ritual has been shaped by the specialized needs of the press rather than by *his* needs. While the President and his aides must give considerable thought to anticipating the questions that will be directed to him, he can never be altogether certain that one will not come hurtling his way to catch him completely unawares. The press, not he, regulates the pattern, the flow, and to some extent the mood of the conference. The press even controls, within limits, its duration. It is the prerogative of the senior wire-service man to call out "Thank you, Mr. President" in order to terminate it. There have been times when the conference was terminated well ahead of the usual half hour because, in the judgment of the senior wire-service man, there was news enough.

During his press conference, the President is exposed. He knows his moment of truth as clearly as any matador. Of course he can refuse, he can evade, or he can angrily rebuff an impetuous questioner. But he must do it before curious eyes. Frequently what he does not say may prove just as newsworthy as what he does say. He must endure the stupid question and maintain his composure. He must be prepared to leap from a penetrating query about a most delicate policy matter to one about the appointment to a district judgeship, and then leap back again without growing rattled. His questioner may serve him false or misleading information on which to comment. He may suddenly find himself confronted with a diplomatic question from a foreign correspondent who is really an agent of his government.

Almost as irritating to the President are the questions never asked for which he has prepared an answer. After one of Eisenhower's conferences, a White House aide listed for me six major questions involving events, policies, and programs that had gone unasked at that week's conference, despite their prominence in the news. One time Eisenhower com-

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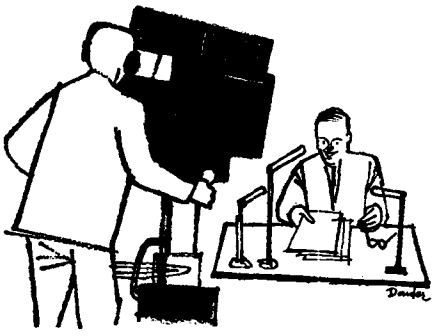
mented wryly as the reporters trooped out of the conference room, "No one gives me an opportunity to talk about defense."

Misadventures

The Presidential press conference can result in startling fiascoes. The most celebrated, which occurred in November 1950, resulted in news stories all over the world that President Truman was considering use of the atom bomb in Korea. It brought Prime Minister Attlee flying to America for consultation, and indirectly hastened the death of the President's Press Secretary, Charles G. Ross. John Hersey has provided a masterful account of this ill-fated conference. Having been present in the White House at the time to gather research material for a *New Yorker* profile of Truman, Hersey was able to describe in detail the development of what was a major failure in communication.

The Chinese Communists had just entered the Korean War and the situation was admittedly grave. Several days before the conference, a number of top United States policy planners had worked to prepare a statement which the President dutifully read at the beginning of his press conference. At no time, according to Hersey, had there been any mention of using the atom bomb. But Truman's prepared statement, expressing general determination to remain steadfast in the face of the new peril, was not particularly newsworthy and the reporters probed for "hard" news. They got it when, in response to a question, the President affirmed that the use of the atom bomb was "always under consideration." The headlines that resulted dropped the "always" and played heavily upon the "under consideration."

Hersey's analysis, which tends to place all the blame on the reporters, could be criticized as the work of someone who was not accustomed to the routine of the press conference. The reporters could legitimately argue that there was no way for them to know what had gone on in the minds of those who had planned the President's statement. They could only assume, in the light of the President's vague intimations, that he deliberately intended to raise the specter of the atom bomb at that critical time. By their recurrent questions—there had been five or six—they had sought to alert him to the significance of his utterances. A final definite warning had been sounded by Anthony Leviero of the New York *Times* when he asked if the President's remarks could be quoted directly. The President refused but made no effort to clarify his remarks



until after the conference, when the first wire-service bulletins had already begun to spread the alarming story.

But regardless of any specific finding of guilt, Hersey's documentary was in fact a damning indictment of the slipshodness of the press conference as an institution for conveying vital information. It gave meaning to the judgment of Charles A. Beard, who declared "no President should be encouraged or forced to speak offhand on any grave question of national policy." On the press's side, it illustrated the unspeakable folly of measuring the President's utterances with the same yardstick of "newsworthiness" as that used on a minor news event. It bordered on complete irresponsibility to take his words and edit them for the sensational headline and the startling lead paragraph, which was the way Mr. Truman's atom-bomb remarks were handled. All the qualifying details were left out of the early bulletins. The President's statement was given shape by the inexorable pattern of "the news."

Whereas Mr. Truman was the backwoods Baptist laying down a personal testament of God and Mammon to the congregated reporters, President Eisenhower has preferred to be the high priest, whose utterances contain less fire, more theology. Matured in the practice of conducting military briefings for the politicians, he is a master at the art of saying little while talking a great deal.

President Eisenhower has had his rough moments with the press. One such occasion was in late 1953, when reporters took him to task for Attorney General Brownell's speech accusing ex-President Truman of knowingly promoting a Communist spy in his government. From abroad Harold Callender of the New York *Times* cabled an account of the astounded European reaction: "Few would believe that the reporters would dare address the President with the challenging questions asked or that their editors published the questions and answers."

Once, in response to persistent queries about the McCarthy forays against his administration, Eisenhower stalked angrily from the conference room. On a number of occasions, he has flushed deep red when prodded about a sensitive subject and rejected the questioner abruptly. But in the main he has achieved a gentleness in his conferences that contrasts strangely with the flamboyant Truman ones. Questions involving high policy matters are asked with the broadest kind of hook, on which the President can hang any answer he likes. There are dark suspicions that the partisan preferences of newspaper publishers have caused this. Certainly a more direct cause has been the fact that these are the kind of questions the President will answer.

Eisenhower's use of the press conference has not furthered it as an instrument of lucid communication. His penchant for the vague generality as well as his willingness to comment volubly on almost any subject has tended to debase the currency value of his words. After one notable conference, a reporter observed that if the President's remarks that morning were to be taken as policy, it could be assumed (1) that he was in conflict with his own administration on the right and duty of public officials to state opinions on Supreme Court decisions; (2) that United States commanders in the field might or might not have authority to use atomic weapons in defense of their commands—he was not sure; (3) and that the United States might or

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might not wait to be attacked in a major war. There have been a number of times when the reporter would have devoutly preferred a terse "no comment" to the President's rambling soliloquy in which they could find neither sense nor syntax no matter how they searched.

FOR BOTH the two latest Presidents, the press conference has been in a deeper sense a failure. For Truman it produced an impression of Presidential arrogance and obstinacy that worsened his working relations with Congress. Eisenhower, on the other hand, has conveyed through it an impression of irresolution. He has maintained the image of the President who reigns, but there has been a blurring in the eyes of the world of the image of the President who rules, of the leader who stands for specific issues and against specific issues, who likes certain people and, yes, detests certain people.

It can be argued that in both Truman's and Eisenhower's cases the failure of the press conference has been merely symptomatic of more fundamental failures of leadership. Most observers, however, would concede that it has tended to aggravate their problems. It has compounded the difficulty of leadership for the President in an era when he grapples with issues incapable of easy or quick solutions.

The President's press conferences have not contributed the way they should to the formation of a truly enlightened public opinion. As Zechariah Chafee has noted, "They tempt a President to blurt out anything that boils up in his emotions and do his thinking out loud in public." There are times when the thoughtful onlooker is dumfounded by the offhand manner in which unmatured convictions on critically grave issues are voiced by the nation's chief executive. The difficulties provoked by this practice are not lessened now that the President's every word becomes a part of historic record.

The Interpellative Branch

Quite a few people have critically examined the shortcomings of the President's press conference. By and large they fall into two groups: the abolitionists and the reformers. The abolitionists claim that the conference is one of the worst abuses in a capital where publicity has become a policy in itself, rather than a product of policy. But a telling riposte to the abolitionists was voiced by one veteran Washington correspondent: "O.K., cut out the President's press conferences—better cut out the Secretary of State's and the other cabinet officers' while you're at it. Then let the administration's enemies on the Hill dominate the headlines." His answer reveals the extent to which the need for publicity must be a dominating concern among those responsible for Executive leadership in America.

Those who would reform the President's press conference have suggested such changes as more systematic preparatory briefing; active participation by the President's advisers, especially when they sense something going wrong; a brief post-conference session conducted by the Press Secretary to clear up possible misunderstandings; and a delayed release time on publication of conference news. Most practicing newspapermen are strongly opposed to a return to the requirement of submitting written questions in advance —a practice that evokes memories of the stuffy days of Harding and Hoover. Instead, many support James Reston when he suggests that to certain difficult questions the President might promise to provide studied answers in writing, later in the week. With a newspaperman's shrewdness, he points out that this practice would lighten the burden imposed on understaffed Washington news bureaus, which can hardly do justice in a single day to the great variety of questions and answers presently evoked at the press conference. The President would thus reap the benefit of providing "more front page copy on more days of the week."

It is noteworthy that all of these reforms would in effect give formal recognition to the Fourth Estate as the interpellative branch of the American government. It would, however, be less a Constitutional revolution than the admission that such a revolution has already taken place, and that the time has come to set our new house in order.

MAKING NEWS ON THE HILL

THE MEMBER OF CONGRESS is uniquely both a creator and creature of publicity. By the very nature of his job, with its relative insecurity of tenure, he is concerned with the processes by which the public attention is attracted. He lives in a state of intimacy with the newspaperman that outsiders mistake for pure cronyism. He employs his highest-paid assistant to diagnose and fill the prescriptive needs of the press.

The individual publicity drive of any particular congressman may seem a minor and even ludicrous phenomenon. But collectively, reinforced by the publicity-making mechanisms of Congressional committees, it gives a distinct Congressional bias to the news, and creates certain advantages for the Legislative branch of government in its continuing power struggle with the Executive. It contributes at times to a Constitutional imbalance that seems to be a recurrent disorder of American government.

The press is omnipresent on the Hill. Room for its ever-expanding needs has been carved out of every strange nook and cranny of the ancient Capitol. Just over the presiding officer's desk in each House hovers the press gallery, its occupants constantly monitoring the proceedings and frequently outnumbering the legislators present on the floor below. For the wire services there are special muted telephones within the chamber itself, ready for the instant communiqué about a critical Congressional action. Behind swinging doors, off the gallery, the press has its quarters for work and relaxation. Teletypes stand ready to relay copy to the central offices of the wire services. The walls are lined with typewriters and telephone booths. Great leather couches offer all-night accommodation should the legislative session drag on. In nearby

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studios the reporters for radio and television can originate their broadcasts.

Favor for Favor

The reporter's access to individual legislators is frequent and intimate. Near each chamber there are private rooms to which members of Congress are summoned, in a never-ending file, for communion with the press. They come, obediently and willingly. During a lively session, the President's Room just off the Senate Lobby is continuously crowded with little clusters of solons and scribes, two by two, exchanging earnest confidences. Special doormen stand ready at the request of reporters to call still others away from the debate. At times this little anteroom contains more senators than the Senate Chamber. The creation of the public image of the debate is more engrossing to most of them than the actual debate itself.

Across the Capitol, a similar drama is being enacted in the House of Representatives. There, even the members' lobby is open to the prowling correspondent. The senior reporters assigned to the Hill share an intimacy with Congressional leaders far beyond that possessed by lesser members of Congress. At least once daily the wire-service representatives are invited in for sessions with the Speaker of the House and the Senate majority leader. On countless occasions the reporter may attend informal convocations at which down-to-earth matters of politics are explored. He may find himself a direct witness to, even a participant in, the drafting of laws.

At times the raw competition by congressmen to serve the press takes on bizarre proportions. The following account appeared in a "Footnote to the News" column of the Washington *Post and Times Herald*:

"A freshman Senator outslicked his veteran colleagues to pick off his easiest publicity plum available last week. He was Clifford P. Case (R.-N.J.), whose reaction comment to the President's decision [to veto the natural-gas bill] was the first to hit the Senate press gallery. His prize was a prominent play in the afternoon newspapers.

"Behind his speed was the quick thinking and faster legs of Sam Zagoria, Case's administrative assistant and former Washington Post and Times Herald *reporter.*

"Zagoria had run off several copies of the Senator's 'isn't-it-grand' statement early Wednesday morning. He then parked himself by the Associated Press teletype in the Senate lobby. When the flash came through, he hightailed it back to the press gallery, one floor above, where eager reporters were waiting to write reaction accounts. Zagoria beat a runner for Senator William A. Purtell (R.-Conn.) by one minute flat."

For the reporter, it is more than easy access that makes Congress a primary news source. The business of Congress is the stuff of which good news reporting is made. Congress is a continuing scene of drama, conflict, and intrigue. Its battles can be described in terms of colorful personalities rather than amorphous and complicated issues that may confound the copy desk and confuse the reader. It is therefore perhaps inevitable that there should be this "Congressional bias" to the news. But some of the results need to be examined.

POWERFUL PRESSURES dissuade the reporter from being as zealous a prober of Congress as he is of the Executive departments. His obtaining of news "exclusives" depends upon the preservation of a chummy relationship with members of Congress. A great amount of news is dispensed to him as a favor, and must be regarded as such. Furthermore, retaliation for unfavorable publicity can be swift and vengeful. It is by no means unusual for a member, enraged by something appearing in print, to take to the floor in a violent attack against the offending reporter. And such is the clublike atmosphere of the two houses that no member is likely to come to the reporter's defense.

Thus, on April 10, 1950, Senator Harry Cain rose on the Senate floor to answer an assertion by *Time* magazine that he was among the Senate's "expendables." For the better part of the afternoon he centered an attack on *Time*'s Congressional correspondent. "If ever I sat with a human being who was smug, arrogant, self-centered, vain and frustrated . . . This ulcer-burdened young American who could neither vote nor fight . . . The agent *Time* magazine has today was a 4-F in war . . . [He] has undoubtedly encouraged other men to die, but he has never . . . watched them die." Not one senator raised a protest against this stream of abuse.

There are countless instances when Congressmen demand special privileges which go unpublicized but which would provoke a furor if made by an administration official. Members of the press often apply a deliberate censorship to a legislator's unwise public utterances. One neophyte reporter who unwittingly quoted a rash remark revealing bigotry on the part of a leading congressman was afterward chastised by his press colleagues for this indiscretion.

Women correspondents covering Capitol Hill circulate among themselves a list of those members of Congress with whom it is unsafe to be alone. One or two solons have been known to be outrageous sex reprobates. But no word of their misdemeanors ever reaches the reading public. Senators have been seen to stagger drunkenly onto the Senate floor and deliver unintelligible harangues without creating a ripple in the press.

Amid the publicity drives of Congress, the investigating committee exerts the most powerful thrust. It is geared to the production of headlines on a daily and even twice-daily basis. It is able to create the news story that lingers week after week on the front pages to form an indelible impression on the public mind. No institution of the Executive branch is capable of such sustained and well-manipulated publicity.

The most notable committee investigations are seldom in point of fact "investigations" once the public hearings commence. They are planned deliberately to move from a preconceived idea to a predetermined conclusion. The skill and resourcefulness of the chairman and a sizable staff are pitted against any effort to alter its destined course. Whatever investigating takes place is done well in advance. The hearing is the final act in the drama. Its intent, by the staging of a spectacle,

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is to attract public attention, to alarm or to allay, to enlighten or sometimes to obscure.

How to Run a Hearing

In 1943, the counsel of a House committee investigating the Federal Communications Commission distributed a confidential memorandum to committee members that fell into the hands of outsiders. It had been prepared for the committee by a reporter for International News Service, whose talents later carried him high in the employ of the Republican National Committee. Its seven points remain a classic disquisition on the publicity requirements for an investigation:

"1. Decide what you want the newspapers to hit hardest and then shape each hearing so that the main point becomes the vortex of the testimony. Once that vortex is reached, adjourn.

"2. In handling press releases, first put a release date on them, reading something like this: 'For release at 10:00 A.M., *EST July 6,' etc. If you do this, you can give releases out as much as 24 hours in advance, thus enabling reporters to study them and write better stories.*

"3. Limit the number of people authorized to speak for the committee, to give out press releases or to provide the press with information to the fewest number possible. *It plugs leaks and helps preserve the concentration of purpose.*

"4. Do not permit distractions to occur, such as extraneous fusses with would-be witnesses, which might provide news that would bury the testimony which you want featured.

"5. Do not space hearings more than 24 or 48 hours apart when on a controversial subject. This gives the opposition too much opportunity to make all kinds of countercharges and replies by issuing statements to the newspapers.

"6. Don't ever be afraid to recess a hearing even for five minutes so that you keep the proceedings completely in control so far as creating news is concerned.

"7. And this is most important: *don't let the hearings or the evidence ever descend to the plane of a personal fight between the Committee Chairman and the head of the agency being investigated. The high plane of a duly-authorized Committee of the House of Representatives* examining *the operations of an Agency of the Executive Branch for constructive purposes should be maintained at all costs."*

The allusion in point 5 to "the opposition" simply means those

who are being investigated. It is a rare investigation, and certainly a poorly publicized one, which has not passed judgment on the "opposition" long before the hearings commence.

The Uses of Laughter

The proliferation of publicity-inspired investigations has taken us in the direction of what might be called "government by concurrent publicity." Decisions tend to be taken not in an orderly, procedural way but on the basis of what is instantly explainable to the public through the mass media.

The investigated, too, have turned to publicity as a weapon. Last year, there was a fantastic case study when the House Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight began to probe the affairs of the New England tycoon Bernard Goldfine and particularly his dealings with the Assistant to the President, Sherman Adams. Goldfine, accompanied by a retinue of lawyers and publicity agents, set up headquarters in a Washington hotel, staged press and television conferences day and night, timed releases to compete with committee-inspired headlines, and pursued a calculated public-relations policy to make himself appear, as one aide put it, "a simple, innocent, underdog type being persecuted by a powerful congressional committee."

Philip Deane of the London *Observer* cabled home a graphic account of his visit to the Goldfine publicity headquarters:

"We were shushed into silence while the television news was switched on. One of the well-known commentators was speaking of the latest developments in the Goldfine case. When mentioning Goldfine himself, the television star lost control and an Homeric laugh spread across his distinguished face . . .

" 'Great! Great!' said Mr. Jack Lotto, Public Relations Counsellor to the Goldfine interests. 'That's what we want; we want people to laugh.'

" 'Please,' said a European journalist. 'Did you say you wanted people to laugh at your employer?' . . .

" 'It's like this,' explained a fellow journalist. 'When McCarthy attacked Senator Millard Tydings, of Maryland, Tydings tried to defend himself with dignity and failed miserably. His Public Relations firm made a fascinating study of this and decided that the only way to fight an attack by Congressional investigation is to raise more noise than your opponent, make the whole thing into a farce.'

" 'People don't think of you as a villain when they are laughing at you,' said Mr. Williamson thoughtfully.

" 'Doesn't Goldfine mind being made a clown?' asked the European.

" 'You're thinking in terms of your own country. People here are different,' said the American journalist. 'Actually, there's a good deal of sympathy for Goldfine. He has done less than most business men do. He gives vicuna coats. Others give mistresses to married men. Have you seen salesmen entertaining buyers at Las Vegas?'

"This is sad because Goldfine is cute and he is not such a bad example of the great American dream —poor immigrant boy makes good. Lotto here is applying the conclusions of the Tydings case, defending the Goldfine integrity by destroying the Goldfine dignity while incidentally, the whole United States Administration goes down gloriously in a cloud of fudge."

The net effect of this and similar publicity *brouhahas* has been to divert the public's attention from

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the underlying ills in government that need legislative attention. Amid the aimless airing of charges, the quest reduces itself to a confused chase after individual villains rather than a purposeful inquiry to get at the root causes and to devise lasting solutions.

A NEW KIND OF DEMAGOGUE

THE AMERICAN POLITICIAN has always been something of a dramatist in search of an audience, more flamboyant, a greater individualist than his European counterpart. Recently, however, there has begun to emerge in the halls of Congress a new type of politician conditioned to the age of mass media and more keenly aware of the uses of publicity. He is not apt to be a member of what William S. White calls the "Inner Club," where emphasis is still put on seniority and skill in negotiation. He need not be in the forefront among those who uphold the ancient traditions of eloquence in Congressional debate. Nor need he be assiduous in preparing legislation and attending to the thousand and one chores of pushing it through to enactment. Rather he is a man versed in the subtleties of appealing beyond Congress directly to the mass audience. He knows the formula of the news release, the timing, the spoon-feeding necessities of the publicity campaign. He assesses with canny shrewdness the areas of enterprise that will best lend themselves to a sustained publicity build-up. He is a master at shadow play, creating the illusion of magnificent drama from a reality that may be quite mundane. Usually he lacks direct influence among his colleagues, but he acquires a special standing commensurate with his reflected power as a "nationally known" figure.

To a greater or lesser degree, every politician who makes his way in Congress today must have something of this new sense. But it is possible to isolate advanced specimens of this *genus politicus* for which publicity has been a more durable stock in trade than seniority or legislative prestige. Among these, one would have to include Richard Nixon, Republican, who was catapulted to national prominence and power—from newly elected congressman to Vice-President—in the brief span of six years without having his name tied to a single notable achievement except the exposure of Alger Hiss.

Also to be included high on this list of the new politician is Senator Estes Kefauver, Democrat, who has been regularly rejected by his more powerful colleagues from membership in the Inner Club but stands as the symbol of senator for countless Americans. A quiet-spoken, not particularly eloquent man, he scarcely fits the picture of the new-type politician. But as reporters who have worked closely with him can testify, he shows an uncanny knack for lifting an idea or an issue out of the slough of neglect and placing it squarely on page 1. On one occasion during the Dixon-Yates controversy, Kefauver exposed with resounding headline clatter the name of a Budget Bureau official who was reputedly guilty of attempting to sabotage the Tennessee Valley Authority. It turned out that the same man had been named months earlier by Senator Lister Hill, a more traditional politician without the flair for publicity. No one had noticed.

McCarthy and the Press

The career of Senator Joseph McCarthy is, of course, by now a classic case. Whereas the traditional demagogue could be measured by how skillfully he sized up and played on fears and prejudices existing in a region or within a social group, McCarthy's skill lay primarily in his capacity to "stage" a single issue so as to dominate the channels of communication and to distract a national audience. Huey Long or Tom Heflin knew how to sway the crowd, stirring its emotions, playing on its vanities. McCarthy was never terribly good before a large crowd. But he knew how to rule the headlines.

In February 1950, brandishing stage-prop documents that he never let anyone examine, McCarthy showed his talents for the first time. As Richard Rovere has pointed out, SENATOR CHARGES COMMUNIST INFLUENCE IN STATE DEPARTMENT might have produced a two-inch story on page 15 of the local newspaper. OVER TWO HUNDRED WITH COMMUNIST TIES would have done slightly better. But 205 CARD CARRYING COMMUNISTS was something else. It was as if the press yearned for the really big lie.

Responsible newspapers tried hard to live up to the American Society of Newspaper Editors' ethical rule entitled "Fair Play": "A newspaper should not publish unofficial charges affecting reputation or moral character without opportunity given to the accused to be heard." But in practice it worked like this: Late one afternoon Senator McCarthy might name a person, more likely a series of them. All through the evening the accused's telephone kept ringing. He was told briefly the nature of the charge made against him—let us say, "top Soviet agent"—and asked for a brief reply. McCarthy's charge was controversial and unexpected—a news count of two. The denial was controversial and completely expected—a news count of one. Both were equally lacking in proof. Nobody, after all, carries the credentials on his person to prove that he is *not* the "top Soviet agent."

By such means, McCarthy held the headlines. Day after day, several times a day, in time for the morning, afternoon, the seven o'clock, and late evening editions, he served up the scabrous material that he was attempting to make the national folklore. He knew the ingredients for the "lead," the "overnight," and the "sidebar." He could evoke the most publicity bounce from the ounce. Not one of the succession of department and agency heads who came up against him was able to find an effective defense. Neither of the two Presidents who had to reckon with him ever discovered a truly satisfactory counter-publicity weapon. He threw great governmental establishments like the State Department and the Army into confusion and provoked precipitate decisions on policy and personnel resulting in untold damage.

Unlike certain senior members of Congress, McCarthy lacked the capacity to insert a crippling rider into legislation or to tamper with

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an appropriations bill in committee as a way of blackmailing the Executive. He never had the physical means, as his apologists frequently point out, to intimidate or to punish those who aroused his ire. There was no violence, in the ordinary sense of that word, during the reign of McCarthyism. All McCarthy could do was to carry his vendettas into the public headlines. That was enough. It produced unparalleled fear and pusillanimity in Washington.

Few of the reporters who regularly covered McCarthy believed him. Most came to despise and fear him as a cynical liar who was willing to wreak untold havoc to satisfy his own power drive. But though they feared him, it was not intimidation that caused the press to serve as the instrument for McCarthy's rise. Rather it was the inherent vulnerabilities—the frozen patterns of the press—which McCarthy discovered and played upon with unerring skill. "Straight" news, the absolute commandment of most mass journalism, had become a strait jacket to crush the initiative and the independence of the reporter.

McCarthyism was an unparalleled demonstration of the Congressional publicity system gone wild, feeding on the body politic like a cancerous growth. It demonstrated that public opinion when incessantly nagged by the instantaneous communications of the mass media and prodded by the pollsters is not capable of rendering sure verdicts on matters of great complexity. It showed that the publicity-generating power of Congress can be a dangerous force when it is not subject to check and review by higher bodies in or out of Congress.

McCarthyism sought to provide a vocabulary for our fears that had no relevance to the world we actually live in. Responsible men, talking to each other in this synthetic language, for a time lost contact with reality. McCarthyism's greatest threat was not to individual liberty or even to the orderly conduct of government. It corrupted the power to communicate which is indispensable to men living in a civilized society.

(The second part of "Government by Publicity" will appear in our next issue.)

AT HOME & ABROAD

SPOTLIGHT ON NATO:

1. Britain and the Bomb

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

BRITISH generals and admirals are neither required nor encouraged to air their views about the state of the arms race before committees of legislators. Yet as fierce a battle is now going on behind the scenes in Whitehall as on the public stage in Washington. The government's annual White Paper on Defence, published on February 11, was this year merely an anodyne record of ships, aircraft, or missiles that have been ordered or scrapped. The very fact that, unlike its two predecessors, it contained no major decision or pronouncements on strategy is a certain sign that the battle will continue. On its outcome may depend the future of the NATO alliance itself.

The argument is about the future of the British nuclear deterrent: whether it is still worthwhile, and what form it should take. But underlying it is a much starker question: how much value can be attached to an alliance with the United States in the coming era of the Soviet ICBM?

The Most Expensive Club

In terms of pure logic, if such a thing has any meaning in politics, 1959 would have been the year in which to decide upon the graceful demise of a separate British nuclear deterrent. When the program was first initiated ten years ago by the Attlee government, its principal function was to strengthen the British position not in Moscow but in Washington. The provisions of the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, more commonly known as the McMahon Act, denied the allies of the United States any information on matters connected with atomic energy. It was more galling to Britain than to any other ally. It meant, among other things, that when questions of grand strategy were discussed in Washington, the British and Canadian representatives were only too often politely shown the door. Almost all officials and most politicians outside the pacifist wing of the Labour Party sincerely believed that Britain would never be able to look the United States in the eye, would never be treated as more than a useful but elderly relation until it became a member of the nuclear club.

So the British program was inaugurated. It was continued by Churchill at considerable cost, and was rapidly accelerated when Harold Macmillan and his tough minister of defense, Duncan Sandys, took office just over two years ago. It bore fruit in the successful tests of the British H-bomb eighteen month ago, and in the repeal of the restrictive provisions of the McMahon Act in the specific case of Britain by Congress last summer. The job was done, and

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henceforth British and American scientists could hobnob on implosion and critical masses to their hearts' content. More important, the British government really knew for the first time what Washington's war plans were. Interdependence, it seemed, had become a reality again.

Many people in and out of government, watching the steadily mounting costs of Britain's independent program of nuclear deterrence—for no one had foreseen that the cost of maintaining an adequate means of delivering bombs would eventually outstrip the cost of making them—hoped that something like a joint Anglo-American program would now be possible. But they reckoned without two facts: first, that a national program is also a national vested interest; and second, their own growing fear that the United States itself would find it increasingly difficult ever to use its nuclear retaliatory power for the defense of its friends.

When this second argument was first put forward by Sandys and his officials at the beginning of 1957, it still carried an obvious memory of Suez. But in the intervening two years more and more people, reading the debates in Congress and the dire pronouncements of Joseph Alsop and other commentators that SAC is no longer an umbrella over the free world but has become merely the last line of defense of North America itself, have succeeded in convincing themselves that henceforth the United States will be too busy looking after itself to look after its allies.

Debatable Deterrent

Here is a typical exposition of a view to which the Labour opposition has become as much committed as the Conservative government. It is by T. F. Thompson, and appeared in the Conservative *Daily Mail* of February 9:

"Soon the United States will have its intercontinental missile bases established on its home territory. Relationships then will change. Not only between the U.S. and Russia, but the U.S. and Europe. For the first time in the history of modern war, America will be in a position to guarantee its own territory without having to bother with advance bases in Europe. . . . The position will then be that the United States would not dare attack Russia nor the Soviet Union the American homeland. . . . It is at this point that the British deterrent becomes important. We are in Europe. We are of Europe. . . . Britain would have to retaliate with nuclear weapons at the outset of a major attack in Europe with conventional forces. The alternative would be the end of our way of life."

The fact that the logic is muddled does not affect the force of an argument that appeals as much to national chauvinism as to any calculation of self-interest. On the day the White Paper was published, a Labour peer, Lord Simon of Wythenshawe, initiated a debate in the House of Lords—one of those wide-ranging, inconclusive affairs which give the Lords its charm as a debating chamber—on a proposal that Britain should renounce its nuclear weapons under an agreement with the leading industrial nations, other than the United States and Russia, in order to arrest the spread of nuclear-weapon industries to France and, essentially, to an indefinite number of other powers. Despite the eloquent support of Bertrand Russell, making rare use of his position as Earl Russell, and a few scientists and church leaders as well, the idea was politely laughed to scorn. In the words of the Earl of Home, the government leader in the Lords, the British deterrent "removes any danger that the Soviet Union may be tempted to invade Western Europe in the misguided belief that the United States of America, faced with the possibility of bombardment by intercontinental missiles, would shrink from saving countries which are distant from her." The argument that Britain, by a dramatic gesture, should aim at averting a possible breakup of NATO into a conglomeration of not very efficient nuclear powers, and should propose instead to re-create a genuine system of Anglo-American interdependence, made no headway whatsoever.

IT IS ALL VERY WELL, however, for British political leaders to convince themselves that by maintaining an independent nuclear deterrent they are now serving not only a British interest but the cause of the West as a whole. It is quite another thing to maintain in a small and crowded island a deterrent that will remain credible to the Russians over the next decade, or even over the next five years. If the generals and admirals who have opposed the growing diversion of funds from the re-equipment of conventional forces to the nuclear-deterrent program are for the moment silenced by uncertainty about American intentions, they are not inhibited from wholly opposing in private the means that have been chosen for delivering this British deterrent.

At present the British deterrent rests on a force of delta-winged subsonic bombers—the Victor and the Vulcan—which will eventually number about two hundred. This year's White Paper boasts that "their performance in speed and altitude remains unsurpassed by any bomber aircraft in service in any other country; and recent competitions with the United States Air Force have demonstrated the precision of British navigational aids and bomb-aiming equipment." In terms of aircraft actually in service, that is probably a fair claim, but in terms of producing an effective deterrent it leaves three questions unanswered.

The first is whether Britain has, or will have over the next year or so, a sufficient stock of its own bombs and sufficient means of delivering them to pose a real deterrent. One well-known defense writer, Chapman Pincher of the *Daily Express,* recently published a statement that Britain had so far made only five H-bombs. But even if, as the White Paper promised, there is "a significant increase in the rate of production," the British V-bomber can at best pose a threat of damage to the Soviet Union —never of destruction.

The second question is whether the United Kingdom has not already become too patently vulnerable to serve as the springboard of an effective deterrent. It is not that the ground and air defenses of the British bases have been neglected. It is just that they have too little warning, too little depth, and are too close together. Even today, the V-bomber might well be wholly destroyed before it could leave the ground.

The third question is the most

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obvious one. Since Britain's population is so wholly vulnerable to Soviet nuclear attack, is it really conceivable that any British government would use its nuclear deterrent on any other occasion than a direct attack on the island itself? Can the British deterrent in any sense be envisaged as a replacement of the U.S. deterrent in the defense of Europe, as the political leaders would like to convince the public and their European allies? Or is its only real justification the hope of committing the United States against its will? Is it in fact still aimed at Washington rather than at Moscow?

IN A FEW YEARS the value of the British deterrent may become even more problematical. At the moment, the government is committed to the development by 1963 of a missile called Blue Streak with a possible range of more than 2,500 miles—considerably greater than that of the Thor, whose emplacement in East Anglia has been attended with so much protest and publicity. Though Blue Streak will have a liquid fuel that will make it more cumbrous to get ready, it will be fired from underground and thus may be less vulnerable than its American contemporaries. Those responsible for it point with pride to American interest in the project and to the amount of American know-how that has been made available, particularly in the development of the warhead. But it is one thing for the Pentagon with its slogan of "diversity" to encourage the development of a weapon which will be one more additional form of insurance if there are further delays in the American ICBM program. It is quite another for a country with a total defense budget one-tenth that of the United States to commit its future strategy to one weapon. It will probably cost $1.4 billion; and such is the galaxy of means of delivery being developed by the other two members of the nuclear club, that it may then have a useful strategic life of only a few years or even less.

Throughout the winter, the Royal Navy has been fighting a dogged battle against Blue Streak. Naval men favor some form of sea-based missile, as the only form of British nuclear deterrent that could carry any political conviction. This year the decision has gone against them, but this is not the decisive year—the final decision to proceed with actual production of Blue Streak must be taken in 1960. As it is, the development of the first British nuclear submarine, which was stalled until the amendment of the McMahon Act made it possible to buy a complete nuclear propulsion unit from the United States, is now going ahead.

Declaration of Interdependence?

Whether the navy's argument makes headway during the coming year depends, of course, almost entirely on the progress of the American Polaris missile and its accompanying guidance system, for Britain has no hope of developing one independently in less than ten years or so. But there is another powerful factor. This spring, Lord Mountbatten will cease to be First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Operations and become chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Mountbatten is a contentious figure who has never been afraid to use his peculiar place in British society—part royal, part sea dog—to advance his views. He is probably much readier than most contemporary British admirals and generals to see Britain work back toward a system of genuine interdependence with the United States in strategic planning, and away from the somewhat fictitious independence it has tried to cultivate in recent years. Whether Mountbatten succeeds will depend partly on a battle of wills between himself and Minister of Defence Sandys. But it will also depend upon the extent to which the United States can succeed in convincing its main ally that despite the "missile gap," America's commitment to the defense of the free world is not shrinking within the bounds of its own shores.

2. 'Honest John' in the Po Valley

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

THE VALLEY OF THE PO is full of people as well as history. Except where industrial cities have spilled over into cropland, every hectare of soil in this salubrious, immensely fertile plain is cherished by the farmers with something akin to reverence. In such country, there is no room for firing off rockets with live warheads. Even in the steeply rolling foothills of the Alps, there is no space for such unproductive activities, for Italian shepherds with their flocks and herds seek out those cool, green slopes in late spring and stay through the summer. And all winter that high country is snowbound.

However, there is a brief interval in spring, after the back of winter is broken and before the shepherds move up into the hills. Then, two battalions of the U.S. Army's First Missile Command move up in a roar of five-ton trucks to the Asiago Plateau, twenty-five miles north of Vicenza, and fire Honest John rockets to their hearts' content—or until someone decides the taxpayers have had enough. They do so again for a week or so in the fall, after the flocks and herds are back on the plain of the Po but before Asiago is blanketed by heavy snows.

THE Southern European Task Force (SETAF) has its HQ at Verona. Thirty-two miles to the northeast at Vicenza is the Missile Command with the combat elements, and some two hundred miles southward across the Apennines, on the west coast of Italy at Leghorn, is the rest of SETAF—276 acres of port facilities and depots.

SETAF is a small command of about 6,300 men, but it is so weaponed that in defensive war it could take a heavy toll of a much greater invading force. It is a highly specialized force, equipped to launch Honest John and Corporal missiles. It has but one major military task—to provide heavy atomic fire support for the infantry, armor, and conventional artillery of the Italian Army. It is a NATO force, a part of Allied Land Forces Southern Europe (Land South); and for NATO purposes it is

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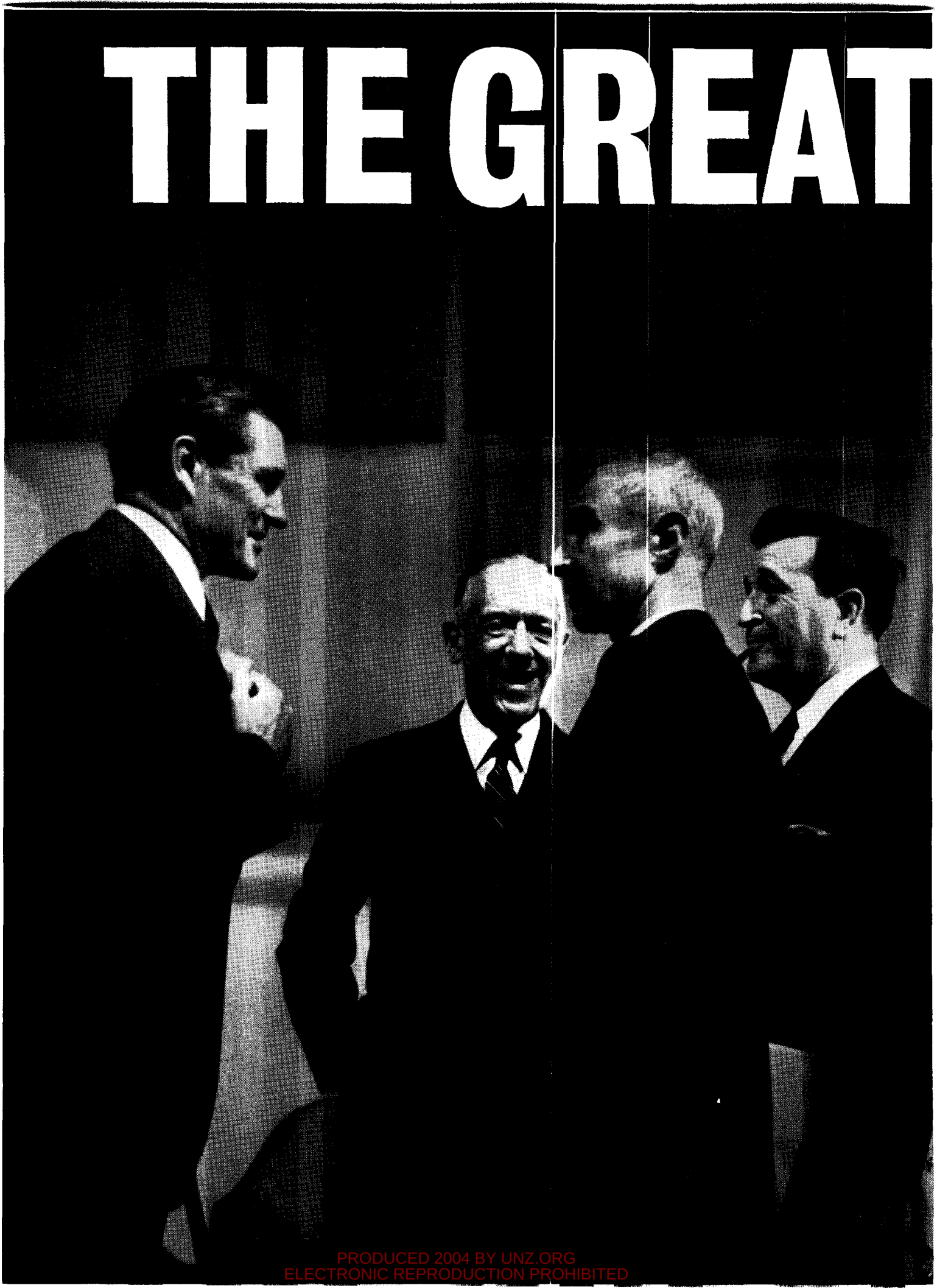
THE GREAT



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CHALLENGE

One of America's leading physicists observed recently, "...learning more about nature and about man is, to all of us, something inherently good. It is, I think, ennobling and enlarging and it is continuous with the ancient tradition of seeking to understand—and not being bewildered by—our environment and ourselves."

The physicist was Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer. He made this observation on the season's opening broadcast of THE GREAT CHALLENGE, an annual series of hour-long symposiums which is now in its second year on the CBS Television Network.

Dr. Oppenheimer was describing the role of science in our society. But his words also serve to convey the philosophy behind the program on which they were spoken. At a time when the principles of democracy are undergoing their severest test, CBS News presents THE GREAT CHALLENGE in the conviction that it is more vital than ever to examine and appraise the basic moral, political and philosophical beliefs by which we live.

Last season this series received nationwide acclaim for its stimulating contributions to our understanding of such critical questions as the direction of American education, the role of the scientist, the future of our economy, the democratic process, the problems of foreign relations and the beliefs that sustain the free world.

This season, THE GREAT CHALLENGE, which is moderated by CBS News Chief Washington Correspondent Eric Sevareid, has already presented discussions by leading world authorities on "Where Is Science Taking Us?" and "Is America Anti-Intellectual?"

Next Sunday (March 22 at 2:30 pm EST) Senator John F. Kennedy, Arthur Larson, Professor Clinton Rossiter and Dr. Merle Fainsod will appear on THE GREAT CHALLENGE to discuss one of the most vital questions of our time, "Can Democracy Meet the Space Age Challenge?" Subsequent programs will evaluate how well our press is keeping the nation informed, in recognition of the 50th anniversary of Sigma Delta Chi, the professional journalism fraternity.

THE GREAT CHALLENGE is one of a significant number of award-winning programs produced by CBS News which are designed to help the nation gain a better understanding, to use Dr. Oppenheimer's phrase, of "our environment and ourselves."

The following schedule of **THE GREAT CHALLENGE** *broadcasts will originate from New York at 2:30 pm on the CBS Television Network and will also be heard on radio on later dates over the stations of the CBS Radio Network. See your newspaper for broadcast schedules.*

Sunday, March 22:

CAN DEMOCRACY MEET THE SPACE AGE CHALLENGE?

Senator John F. Kennedy

Arthur Larson
former Presidential adviser

Dr. Clinton Rossiter
Professor of History at Cornell University

Dr. Merle Fainsod
Professor of Government at Harvard University

Sunday, March 29:

IS AMERICAN JOURNALISM MEETING ITS RESPONSIBILITIES?

Eugene C. Pulliam
newspaper publisher, broadcasting executive and honorary President of Sigma Delta Chi

John Fischer
Editor in Chief of Harper's

Barbara Ward Jackson
former editor of The Economist

J. Russell Wiggins
Executive Editor of the Washington Post and Times Herald

Sig Mickelson
Vice President of CBS, Inc. and General Manager of CBS News

Sunday, April 5:

IS THE AMERICAN PUBLIC GETTING THE INFORMATION IT NEEDS?

James C. Hagerty
Presidential Press Secretary

James Reston
Chief Washington Correspondent of The New York Times

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.
Professor of History at Harvard University

Robert D. Swezey
Executive Vice President of WDSU Broadcasting Corporation, New Orleans

Charles A. Sprague
former Governor of Oregon, and editor and publisher of the Oregon Statesman

CBS NEWS
a division of CBS, Inc.

...Sevareid, Dr. Detlev W. Bronk, Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer and Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner

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under an Italian, General Alessandro Albert, commander Land South, also with headquarters at Verona.

For the great coalition of the West, the defense of Italy has a singular importance. To see why, one needs only to recall when German and Italian forces based on Italy denied the Allies the use of the Mediterranean and leapfrogged into North Africa to carry the war to the Middle East. Today the U.S. Sixth Fleet has a new power and importance. And the Middle East has a yet more critical role in Soviet-western rivalry. So the need for secure western control of the Mediterranean is even more vital than before. The prime tasks of the Sixth Fleet are in the eastern Mediterranean, but the use of that sea area depends on safe transit of the constricted sea lanes between Italy and Tunisia. The growing political unreliability of Moslem North Africa merely adds to Italy's pivotal position. And given the clear naval superiority of the West, the one real threat to Italy is from the north, through Yugoslavia or Austria—or conceivably Switzerland.

Potential Thermopylaes

The north of Italy is ringed by formidable mountains; but (ignoring the French frontier as irrelevant here) there are only half a dozen passes of any military importance. The Brenner Pass, leading in from western Austria, is the most famous. The Gorizia Gap, much lower and broader, leading in from Slovenia, is by far the most vulnerable. In between, just where Austria, Italy, and Yugoslavia join, is the Tarvisio Pass. This too bears watching. Austria is ostentatiously neutral, is without strong defenses of its own, and has no commitment to the West. Yugoslavia blows hot and cold. Its strong, well-equipped army may be for NATO, or against—or neither.

This preoccupation with terrain may seem quaintly earth-bound and pedestrian in an epoch that could witness the pulverizing of major Soviet and American cities and ports in a few hours, without regard to mountain or oceanic barriers. But the superpowers' capacity to destroy each other by thermonuclear blows at long range does not do away with localized defense problems. On the contrary, the more rigid the global nuclear stalemate, the greater seems the danger of localized aggressive moves. These would be designed to bite off small geographical gains—too small to be worth countering by massive retaliation. It is still the part of wisdom, therefore, to know where Austria-Hungary's troops once drove through, and where Hitler's divisions crossed—and be ready to plug those holes in Italy's strong but imperfect natural defenses.

The security of Italy is complicated by the fact that there is not much room for defense in depth. The plain of the Po spreads out in a neat triangle, 125 miles wide at its eastern base through Venice, and 175 miles long east to west. From the Brenner it is a hundred miles through the narrow Adige Valley to the plain at Verona. Advancing enemy forces would be exposed to attack at many points. But the Gorizia Gap, much broader and not far above sea level, opens directly on the smiling fields of Italy's one tremendously productive agricultural region.

For the protection of this precious triangle, Italy keeps two complete field armies in the north—one for Gorizia and one for the rest of its Yugoslav-Austrian-Swiss frontier. In respect to equipment, state of training, and spirit, these are probably the best armies Italy has ever had. They include strong units of the Alpini, which American military men have described as the equal of any mountain troops in the world. They also include armored brigades with fleet Bersaglieri regiments. The composition of the Italian forces re-

flects a full recognition that the defense must be mainly in the mountains and foothills, not on the plain.

But however good as agile, sharpshooting ski troops and mobile armor-infantry teams, the Italians lack one important element—heavy firepower of good range to deal with major enemy concentrations *before* they can reach the flatland, and while they are squeezed by the terrain into the compactness that is the supreme peril of ground forces in nuclear war. Once past the defiles of the Alps and fanned out on the plain of the Po, Soviet forces would regain all the advantages of their superiority in numbers and weight of armor, as they would have it on the northern plain of Europe—and the battle would be lost. This heavy firepower into the mountains is what SETAF brings to the Italian forces. It is the heavy artillery support for a mobile, nonatomic army—to put it on equal terms with a major enemy in the age of nuclear war.

THE STRIKING POWER of SETAF is concentrated at Vicenza—two Honest John battalions, two Corporal battalions, a squadron of Sky Cavalry, an engineer unit, and various support troops. The Honest John is a twenty-seven-foot free-flight rocket, launched from a self-propelled vehicle—a five-ton truck chassis with launching mechanism built on. It has a solid-fuel propellant charge weighing 1,500 pounds, carries an atomic or nonatomic warhead, and has a range of fifteen to twenty miles. It can be positioned and fired in five minutes, and is one of the lightest and most mobile of all weapons for delivering atomic blows. The propellant burns out in four and a half seconds, and rocket and warhead then move in free flight on a regular ballistic trajectory. It is aimed the same way as any conventional artillery piece.

Each of the two Honest John battalions has four launchers. One can visualize these atom-age "guns" operating perhaps five miles behind the Italian front line, firing and moving, firing and moving, but rarely firing from the same position twice. Targets may be any enemy troop or equipment concentrations, bridges, or railway installations within its range. Because of its mobility, the Honest John is capable of giving close and prompt fire support to forward elements of the defending army.

Also based at Vicenza are two Corporal battalions. The Corporal is a liquid-fueled missile weighing 11,000 pounds when fueled, guided to its target by electronic means. It stands forty-five feet high, is launched vertically after an elaborate countdown, and has a range substantially

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more than seventy-five miles. The warhead may be atomic or conventional. To handle this intricate and bulky weapon, a dozen heavy vehicles are required—an erector, a compressor, a "cherry picker" for access to the missile once it is stood on end, bottle trucks for air and fuels, a generator truck for power, three vans filled with electronic guidance gear.

The Corporal is not for quick fire support. Even when they hurry, the men of a Corporal platoon are doing well if they can emplace the launcher, rig and fuel the missile, set up the guidance system, go through the full checkout, and fire it—all within six hours. For security, such a weapon is kept well behind the front line, perhaps twenty-five miles. But it reaches over and lays down its warhead of atomic fury with precision fifty or sixty miles beyond the forward positions of the Alpini up front.

The Sky Cavalry

If an atomic warhead were homed in accurately on an enemy supply dump or vehicle concentration far back in one of the defiles in the mountains to the north or east, it could make a shambles of roads, railways, bridges, and tunnel exits in any pass or narrow valley. But this entails finding and accurately locating a target of sufficient value. That can be a formidable problem when you are firing sixty miles beyond your own forward positions. And that is why SETAF includes a brand-new element, tailored for the Italian Alps—the Sky Cavalry.

Its function is precisely the same as that of the horse cavalry of a century ago—to scout the enemy's forces and dispositions and report them, and above all to define and locate the targets for heavier striking forces. In equipment, however, the Sky Cavalry is as new as the electronics industry. There's a platoon with "hilltop radar," to "look" across the battle lines. This unit might analyze traffic on a distant stretch of highway, thus to determine the enemy's intentions and the scale of his preparations. It has infrared gear to give it eyes in fog and darkness. It has remote-controlled drone planes with cameras. (Airborne television didn't work and was abandoned.)

This Sky Cavalry squadron also includes an aviation platoon, with helicopters, light observation planes, and light cargo planes. Most important of all, perhaps, it includes a platoon of paratroops, trained for survival and equipped with portable FM radio. In hostilities, these highly trained men would be landed behind the enemy's lines, either by helicopters flying at treetop level to avoid detection or by parachute from cargo planes. Their task: to report all they see that is relevant to target location —and then to get back when and if they can (although in favorable conditions they would be recovered by helicopter).

Nobody much likes to talk about the engineer unit attached to the Missile Command. It does various jobs, but its prime function potentially is a melancholy one—to move out with the Alpini (whose skiers are training American counterparts) to advantageous positions on the enemy's route of advance through the passes, there to position and touch off atomic demolition charges, destroying bridges, tunnels, or highway embankments ahead of enemy forces.

Making Friends

These, plus some armored infantry for the security of the missile battalions, are the main combat elements of SETAF. The rockets are practice-fired twice a year—when the seasonal deployment of goats, sheep, and cattle permits. The Corporal, however, is just too big for the Italian scene. Corporal units once a year return to the States for their firing practice. In a showdown, the usefulness of the First Missile Command would depend on its very close cooperation with Italian forces, since it has no independent mission but is purely a support force. Consequently, almost every field exercise is a joint Italo-American project. A gratifying number of American personnel have learned enough Italian to serve their needs in these combined operations.

But while fire support for Italy's armies is the first and most basic mission of SETAF, every officer and enlisted man of this command knows there is another and almost equally important mission—to improve Italian-American relations, and make Italy a firmer friend and ally. Italy, SETAF officers are well aware, has the largest Communist Party outside the Soviet bloc. In the north especially, a good share of city officials are Communists and tirelessly anti-American. They campaigned against the assignment of atomic weapons in Italy. The Communists have a strident and indefatigable newspaper network to make the most of every incident.

The Italo-American relationship, nevertheless, has been remarkably good. The non-Communist press in northern Italy publishes most of the news releases from SETAF, and half of the photos. Thus the Communist blasts are snowed under by sheer volume of factual or friendly news. The SETAF band plays innumerable concerts (free) in the smaller towns, where the people's love of music is not tempered by unduly high artistic standards. Thousands of younger Italians have learned baseball, and often play with teams from the Missile Command or the Leghorn base. And American troops have taken to soccer with such zeal that they sometimes win against Italian teams.

At Verona, SETAF forces have a further advantage. There is no isolated housing era for U.S. officers and married enlisted men—no "Little America." They all live in whatever apartments they can find. Americans and Italians ride the same elevators, shop in the same markets, go to the same restaurants and cafés, and gradually form many close social contacts. Nearly every tactical unit, company, or battery has taken under its wing an orphanage, a school, a scout troop.

IN ANY COUNTRY where foreign troops are stationed, the prime cause of friction and hostility is likely to be bad troop conduct. Aware of this, the SETAF command has hammered hard and relentlessly on good behavior. Company commanders constantly show their men how the Communist press plays up and distorts every incident that can be used against the United States. This makes it a personal challenge to the individual soldier. It seems to challenge the G.I. to realize that he has two sets of enemies—the Communists in front and the Communists behind. In the Po Valley he is making out pretty well on both fronts.

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3. The Shape of SHAPE

WAVERLEY ROOT

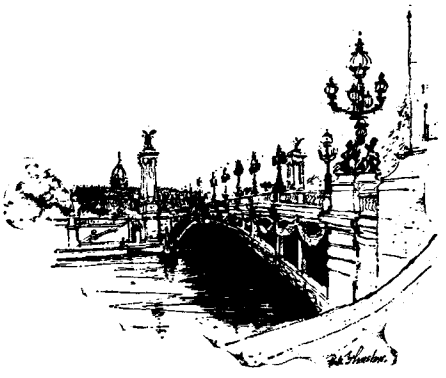
PARIS

THERE ARE sixteen flags flying over the little village of Vaucresson, outside Paris, which is the home of SHAPE—Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe. Fifteen are for the NATO nations, one is the ensign of NATO itself. Their disposition is governed by a simple rule. Except for the flag of France, which as the host nation retains a central position, the national banners are moved daily. Thus none can be said to occupy regularly any exceptionally prominent position. They are all, moreover, of exactly the same size and shape, a uniformity more difficult to achieve than one might think. For instance, it was not easy to find a rectangular Danish flag of the correct size, since on its home grounds the white cross on a red field usually appears with a "V"-shaped gap on its outer edge. This meticulousness about the flags may seem trifling, but it is symbolic of the determinedly international viewpoint cultivated at SHAPE.

From the outside, SHAPE's rambling white one-story buildings, clinging to one another in a random pattern, might very well be taken for the exhibition halls of a county fair. Unlike the ugly gray ramshackle horseshoe of the parent NATO organization, which crouches on the Chaillot hillside across the Seine from the Eiffel Tower, SHAPE's buildings were not meant to be temporary, but they look as if they were. The impression persists inside as one passes through the long institutional corridors whose walls look like temporary partitions that could be pushed over without a great deal of effort.

Outsiders do not do much passing along these corridors, for SHAPE is security-minded. Anyone can get a free ride from Paris to SHAPE unchallenged simply by stepping aboard the long, funereal black bus that parks anonymously at the Etoile for a quarter of an hour each day prior to its 2 P.M. departure for Roquencourt. But when the bus swings into the entrance to SHAPE, military police swarm aboard to examine credentials. The visitor is firmly escorted by a security officer to the person he wishes to see, who then assumes responsibility for him. If he has to penetrate into any section of the premises beyond the very limited periphery not considered secret, he gives up his most precious identifying papers—passport or French identity card—in exchange for a pass, which he must surrender in order to get his papers back.

This concern for security occasionally creates complications. SHAPE is not quite extraterritorial, and French



law applies within the premises as without. Thus when an Italian officer died suddenly of a heart attack in an ultra-secret operations room, a French coroner had to be called to check the circumstances of death before the body could be moved. The delays caused by local red tape plus SHAPE security requirements obliged the dead man's brother officers to continue their work in the presence of the corpse for twenty-four hours.

The restricted section of SHAPE includes even its most social section—the restaurant and its adjoining bar—but this is easy to understand, since there is a natural tendency to talk shop in these gathering places. The restaurant—operated by the British, but fortunately with a French staff—provides a brilliant spectacle, with its mosaic of uniforms of all the arms of member nations. SHAPE, incidentally, is practically all officers, the only enlisted men visible being the military police and a few orderlies. Minor jobs, such as secretarial posts, are held by civilians, chiefly women. A phenomenon immediately evident in the restaurant is that there is little tendency for diners to group themselves by nationalities. A table seating half a dozen will ordinarily show the uniforms of at least four different countries. This reflects the situation throughout the organization, whose members tend to associate on the basis of function rather than by country.

While this writer was sitting in one office—staffed by an American, a Britisher, a Frenchman, and a German—the German, who was carrying on a voluble conversation over the phone in his own language, was called away. He handed the phone to his British colleague, who continued the talk in the same tongue without noticeable loss of speed or fluency. This was above and beyond the call of duty, for German is not an official SHAPE language; only English and French are recognized. All SHAPE officers, and all SHAPE secretaries, speak both.

'Decorations Will Be Worn'

One element of nationalist strain might have been expected to enter SHAPE with the Germans, since several other countries whose civilians, at least, have not forgotten the last war—notably the Netherlands and Norway—are represented here. There are at present nine German officers at SHAPE, which gives them the fifth largest contingent (they are outnumbered by the 126 Americans, the forty-six Britons, the thirty-six French, and the twelve Italians). They have been extremely tactful so far. Until last fall they wore no decorations; and when they finally put them on, they carefully refrained from displaying any Second World War ribbons except those won on the Eastern Front. But the chief reason for the existing harmony seems to be the professional attitude of the military man, who feels no more personal rancor toward an adversary than does a traveling salesman for a competing colleague. One German aviation officer told the writer that his closest friend at SHAPE is a British naval captain with whom he shares the bond of

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participation in the same action—the German failed to sink the Briton's ship by the narrowest of margins.

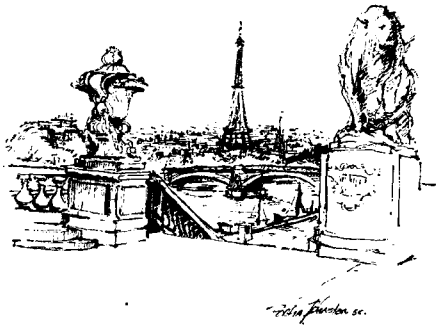
The difference between the civilian and the military attitude was exemplified in the public controversy when General Hans Speidel—who is not at SHAPE but at Fontainebleau, operational headquarters of NATO's central European defense forces—was appointed commander of the Central European Ground Forces of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The hullabaloo that arose in the western press rather bewildered the soldiers. To them it had become obvious that a very senior German officer had to be added to the upper levels of command, in view of the increasingly substantial forces that Germany would be placing at NATO's disposition; and on the basis of capability, Speidel seemed the right man.

The frictionless entry of the Germans into SHAPE provides one example of the international-mindedness that attachment to this headquarters eventually produces. "I'm not supposed to have any national feelings," a British colonel observed, "or at least not to show them if I have." Most of the officers at SHAPE seem actually to have succeeded in banishing national feelings over a large area of their thinking; and since the customary tour of duty here is two years, or less often three, it seems reasonable to believe that internationalism is growing within the military establishments of all the NATO nations as their representatives at SHAPE return to their home countries, to be relieved by other officers who are destined in their turn to undergo the same experience.

Visitors will ask the bewildered question: "But what do all these officers *do* all day long?" The answer is that they do everything which any national military staff does, with the single exception of intelligence. SHAPE receives information from the intelligence services of its member nations, but for obvious reasons forbears from operating one itself. (In the event of war, it would do so.) It is not simply an army on paper, but a genuine army in being that is directed from the headquarters at SHAPE—one that during four or five months every year holds maneuvers on a scale probably vaster than that of any other military establishment in the world. There are seventeen separate commands under SHAPE, including ground, sea, and air forces, with bases ranging all the way from Norway to Algiers. To keep this great machine running, the three hundred or so full-time officers at SHAPE are certainly not too many.

Conducted Tour

One department in which SHAPE may be proportionately more developed than national armies is that



of public relations. SHAPE is highly conscious of the advantages of keeping the populations of its member nations aware of its importance. It has a special briefing room for visitors, with two-language earphones and simultaneous translation of the explanations given; and almost any organized group that wants to visit SHAPE, from the Ladies Garden Club of Dendron, New Jersey, to the Political Discussion Group of the Prince von Bismarck Gymnasium of Kleindorf, Germany, can make an appointment for a briefing. It is a rare day when there is not at least one such visit scheduled, and there may be as many as half a dozen. Americans are the most numerous visitors, Germans come next.

Those who arrive at Roquencourt expecting a conducted tour are apt to be disappointed. Security prevents them from seeing little more than the outside of the unimpressive buildings and the reception lobby. From there they are shepherded directly to the briefing room, where three officers take turns explaining what SHAPE does and how it works. The briefing officers are apt to increase in importance with the rank of the audience—General Norstad himself has been known to appear at such sessions when the caliber of the visitors was great enough. Trade-union delegations get red-carpet treatment, businessmen are flattered, and students are treated respectfully, but American congressmen represent the heights. They control the appropriations of the heaviest contributor to NATO—and hence SHAPE—funds, and the consequent theory is that the visiting congressmen can do no wrong. Some of them, in the extremely private opinions of certain harassed SHAPE officers who have received them, have tried hard to shake this official attitude, but so far it has survived.

THE BRIEFING OFFICERS, speaking from a platform emblazoned with the ubiquitous motto "Vigilance Is the Price of Liberty," present their visitors with a record of considerable achievement. With the aid of blown-up maps, they show the NATO pipelines that have advanced steadily from the ports of entry to the airfields and supply dumps, and the crescent of airfields that has been built up around the periphery of the Communist nations. Next year, perhaps, the charts will show missile-launching bases. This is the mechanical "infrastructure," and the public-relations officers have no trouble demonstrating that SHAPE has done a good job in building it up.

In addition, the very fact that they are briefing the public at all indicates that they are aware of another sort of infrastructure—the political-psychological basis for the whole SHAPE and NATO effort, the development and maintenance of an international will to resist. This has to be cultivated in the first instance at SHAPE itself, and from all external appearances it seems to have thrived. Whatever storms the parent political organization of NATO may weather, whatever threats of dissidence or withdrawals it may hear, at SHAPE it seems to be the accepted fact of life that the military establishment of the western alliance will continue unshaken. On this plane, national interests have become merged in the international objective. The officers here do not question the objective; they are too busy on the details of its achievement.

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Boom on the Banana River

AL NEWMAN

As I was driving southward in the darkness along Highway 1 from Titusville, Florida, a few weeks ago, searchlights were suddenly switched on out on Cape Canaveral, ten miles east across the lagoons. Almost instinctively, I shoved down hard on the accelerator. I am an incurable missile buff.

After covering the remaining ten miles to Cocoa plus the eleven across the causeway and north to a good vantage point on the beach, I found that many of the similarly afflicted were there ahead of me, their cars parked fanwise on a small elevation of hardened sand. It was a warm night for midwinter; over the whisper of the surf the grasshoppers in the beach grasses and palmetto were doing their best to imitate rattlesnakes. We stood about for nearly an hour, half listening to a bore recite, in a sort of litany, all the firings he had seen. He had got back as far as early 1957 when the searchlights, which were somewhere on northern, or ICBM, leg of the "V" of pads and gantries, went out and we all left.

The next afternoon's newspapers said that there had been an unsatisfactory static test of the first-stage engines of the Martin Titan, which had failed to get off the pad December 20 and eventually, it was later reported, had to be sent back to Denver for some major work before another failure on February 3 and a final lift-off and hundred-mile run on February 6. It went more than twice as far on February 25.

Titan is billed as the Air Force's "second-generation" ICBM, originally designed as a backup in case Atlas flopped. In testimony before a Senate subcommittee, General Thomas D. White, Air Force Chief of Staff, once said of Titan: "It is a more sophisticated booster than Atlas. It is a more rigid construction, and is the prime vehicle in the hands of the United States today for getting large vehicles and apparatus into outer space." Those words "in the hands of the United States today" illustrate the difficulty some service people seem to have with tenses when they talk about missiles; the general made the statement more than a year before Titan's first tentative flight.

I listened one morning to a confident Polaris (Lockheed-Navy IRBM) admiral on television and wondered if he had somehow been sheltered from the news that three out of the previous four test firings of the solid-fuel missile had set a record of waywardness almost unprecedented at Cape Canaveral; the destruct button of the Range Safety Officer in Central Control took quite a workout. A large chunk of one fired late last September gave residents of the "Celestial Motor Court —Supremely Excellent" a nasty turn by plunging into the Banana River not a quarter of a mile away. It is still called the Banana River Express.

The Times Are Out of Joint

Perhaps because of the tendency to imply that missiles hardly in blueprint are realities, and that others in early development stages are operational, the sharp edges of past, present, and future blur and run together at Canaveral. It is not yet nine years since the first missile went up from there and a little more than ten since the government activated the triangular 14,513-acre tract that the Air Force now calls Capebase, but it seems a century. The happenings of 1955 are talked about as though they took place before the birth of any present inhabitant, and the Starlite Motel, which dates back to 1956, is regarded as a quaint historic landmark.

Port Canaveral would have pleased the late Robert "Believe-It-or-Not" Ripley. To begin with, it never was meant to be a harbor at all; everything about it is scooped and filled, yet now, with its thirty-three-foot channel depth and huge basin, it will take vessels as large as a Navy cruiser. Commercially, it is a port where the shrimp come in on boats and go out in trucks, and oranges arrive in trucks and go out, as juice, in the stainless-steel tanks of the *Tropicana*.

One afternoon I parked beside some fishermen who had their lines in the two-hundred-yard channel and pointed my binoculars at the northeast corner of the basin where bulldozers had been at work a year earlier. Now it was a finished government port installation, with docks, cranes, and warehouses. Two smallish, tubby vessels studded with radomes were at one of the docks, and a friendly fisherman with a pet raccoon on a leash identified them for me. "Air Force navy," he said. Sure enough, they had the Air Force insignia on their yellow funnels. They were Ocean Range Vessels, fillers-in of the long two-thousand-mile gap between St. Lucia and Fernando de Noronha and the thousand miles between Noronha and Ascension Island; also nose-cone recoverers.

As if to please the shade of Mr.

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Ripley even more, the Army navy made its appearance at Port Canaveral a few days later in the shape of the *American Mariner,* a 420-foot vessel crammed with the latest tracking equipment, and thought—though not announced—to be part of DAMP (Down-range Anti-Missile Project), which supposedly will eventuate in the Army's sniping at missiles from Canaveral with Nike-Zeus rockets sited on down-range islands. Expected a few days later was a new and novel unit of the Navy navy, the *Observation Island,* another Mariner-class vessel converted to take Polaris out into the Atlantic for its first firings at sea. "And good riddance," as one Celestial Motor Court housewife, or trailerwife, put it tartly.

Pop Pressed the Button

One weekend the submarine *Chivo* visited Port Canaveral, and the public, invited to inspect her, poured through the temporarily abandoned outer gate of Capebase to see how the other half lived. I clambered through the claustrophobic interior just ahead of a missileer, who eyed the heavy, complicated plumbing of the sub's innards and remarked to his wife, "They'll never get it off the ground."

After five o'clock, twenty or thirty crew members and I repaired, by invitation, to the trailer residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spencer for a supper of spaghetti and meat balls washed down with beer. Mr. Spencer, who works for Convair on the Atlas program, is the grandson of the Connecticut inventor who developed the Spencer repeating carbine that helped win the Civil War and later did much to open up the West. I was interested to see how the sailors, the Spencers, a few of their civilian friends, plus beer, meat balls, spaghetti, and myself, would fit into a forty-foot trailer. We fitted fine; the submariners looked particularly uncrowded, and nobody spilled so much as a drop of anything. Back in one of the bedrooms the Spencer's fourteen-year-old son was beating the *Chivo* champion at chess, and in the corridor their seven-year-old Billy, who thinks his father is stupid because security regulations force him to answer "I don't know" to questions about missiles, played war games with a toy tank, abetted by a pair of happy sailors.

"If you ever hear or see a missile go when you're not expecting it and wonder what it was," said Mrs. Spencer, "just ask the nearest child. The children around here know so much about the things that our P.T.A. often invites men from the base to give lectures to help the teachers keep up."

I could well believe it. Earlier in the week I had been talking to Miss Joan Broome, a pretty blonde from Tennessee who teaches third grade at the new Cocoa Beach Elementary School that opened last April, the first public school on the peninsula. Miss Broome was impressed by the native brainpower of her pupils, a level recently documented by intelligence tests administered to the second and third grades. Only one I.Q. was below 90, and one child had scored the 150-plus of possible genius. I asked her whether these moppets of the space age had any other distinguishing characteristics. "Yes," said Miss Broome. "On the mornings after a night firing, I find that every single one of their daddies pushed the button that set the missile off."

'What' and 'When' but Not 'Why'

It is a well-known fact that in the early years of any military installation, particularly one carrying on work of a secret nature, security is very tight. Then, in the process of institutionalization, the officers in charge begin to realize that certain aspects of the program cannot be concealed in any case. Often, as a result of the secrecy, they are confronted by public misunderstanding of, and even hostility toward, objectives that badly need public support, both moral and financial. Sometimes, at this stage, the press is enlisted as an ally rather than excluded as a foe, and usually the results are an improvement.

That has happened at Canaveral. Until mid-January, 1958, reporters and photographers were excluded from Capebase and never were told officially about firing times. They kept long, uncomfortable vigils on the windy beaches south of the Cape whenever, according to their highly unofficial sources of information, launchings were imminent. Nowadays they are given the "what" and "when" of their story and are accorded a vantage point on the Cape to see it from. But the "where" (where the missile landed) and the "why" (the purpose of the firing) usually are disclosed, if they are given out at all, in Washington.

The "why" is the most important aspect of the entire Atlantic Missile Range. And yet it is also the least evident. Without the network of radio and radar, the reels of film and miles of sound tape showing missile position and speed and the numerous temperatures, pressures, and flow rates inside a rocket at any given instant of a flight—without all this the entire half-billion-dollar base and all its gifted personnel would merely be conducting a remarkably expensive year-round Fourth of July celebration. Thus the word "failure" as applied to a given shot is at best relative and at worst totally wrong. To judge accurately, a reporter would have to know with certainty what the test flight was supposed to prove—the usually undisclosed "why."

A corollary to this major fact of Canaveral's existence is that the rate of launchings is at least partly determined by what goes on inside the huge, imposing Tech. Lab. at Patrick Air Force Base, where beeps, whines, and whistles from the telemeter radios of the missiles are translated into readable data. This is called "reduction of telemetry," and it takes a good deal of time.

SECURITY can, of course, be relaxed a little too far, as in the Affair of the Cuban Plane, which left the Air Force a bit red-faced and mumbling. Shortly after New Year's, a Cuban Air Force B-26 carrying a couple of Batista's fliers, who felt twinges of conscience about the bombing of Santa Clara and decided they might be happier in Daytona Beach, flew over Patrick and Capebase from the south without being detected by radar or anything else. When the Cubans were interviewed at Daytona, the facts came out, and the Air Force explained to a somewhat incredulous public that the Canaveral region hadn't been a zone in which aircraft were required to identify themselves. It hastily added that the area would be in future.

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This Is Poland . . . .

DANIEL SCHORR

WARSAW

ALL THE RULING Communist Parties of Europe except Poland's have long since followed the Soviet lead of 1956 in staging party congresses to set an official stamp on the post-Stalin era. The Russian party itself has already held a second post-Stalin congress. Only Warsaw has lagged behind; the Polish United Workers' Party had not met in plenary conclave since 1954—a delayed sequel to Stalin's last congress in 1953. Aware of its own divisions and the slender pillar of popular acquiescence on which it rests, the Polish party postponed its congress time and time again—waiting for a better climate, for the unification of its ranks, or perhaps just waiting. But the congress rite must be fulfilled. It is late—very late. And, so, finally, the congress is meeting in Warsaw, though without the usual clang of cymbals, without grand pretensions.

Wladyslaw Gomulka was aware that the six-month propaganda build-up for the congress aroused little enthusiasm among the populace. Before the congress, 207,000 party members—some fifteen per cent—were weeded out. Most of them, says Gomulka, were not "opponents either of the party or of socialism. They are honest people who have no interest in party activities . . . Many . . . admitted they had joined the party accidentally." Accidentally! Nowhere else in the Communist world could one find such a public admission of apathy and disillusionment.

A new party statute stresses that "fractions" are forbidden. The party will have no truck with "revisionists" and their troublesome attempts to redefine Communism in more liberal terms. Neither will it show any tolerance for "dogmatists" and their nostalgia for the old-time Stalinist religion. The accent is on consolidation. The bounds have been set. For Poland, no vistas of overtaking and outstripping anybody, no Great Leap Forward. Just a modest shuffle ahead. Gomulka's régime will try, between now and 1965, to raise industrial production ten per cent annually.

A Polish planner told me, "The rate of acceleration is not so very great. This is not the Soviet Union or China. After all, this is Poland."

This is Poland. . . .

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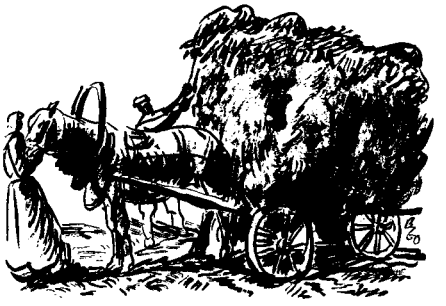
THE BIG Warsaw department store CDT makes a brave show of being western. There is an escalator to the fifth floor, but it works only between the second and third floors; the rest has broken down. There are more goods than Warsaw has seen for years—plastic household articles, some electric appliances, even television sets (recently taken off ration), which sell for 6,700 zlotys, or eight months' pay for an "average" worker. In the delicatessen there are shelves loaded with sausages and coffee, and chewing gum in a wrapper that looks just like Wrigley's Spearmint but turns out to be Blue Skies Spearmint—made in Shanghai.



The store is moderately crowded. There are some un-Communist merchandising devices, such as installment selling and a special counter with slow-moving items marked down for clearance. All very western. But who buys at such prices? Some sales are accounted for by Poland's new rich, the farmers, who are now free from collectivization and can sell produce at high prices. But wage earners too are among the customers. And if one adds up what a worker buys in a month, it may total twice his "income."

A Polish companion explained this to me with startling frankness: "First of all, most Poles have more than one job. That is normal. What has also become normal in Poland today is stealing and graft and corruption. The government chauffeur uses the government's car in spare time as a private taxi. The worker steals from the factory. Dishonesty has become a way of life."

•

THE NEWSPAPERS recently announced a special sale of Soviet wristwatches in the state jewelry shops. Every five-hundredth buyer of a Pobeda watch was to get a second one free. I spoke to the manager of a state store who told me he had sold two watches that day. At that rate, it will be a year and a half before a watch is given away. The manager shrugged. "Too many Soviet watches on hand. The Russians are putting out new models soon. Anyway, Poles prefer Swiss watches at twice or three times the price. I don't know if Swiss watches are better, but our customers like western brand names."

•

THE CAMPUS at Warsaw University is placid. Few students stop to look at the long row of bulletin boards, glass-enclosed, where two years ago daring and rebellious tracts were posted. Now, everything posted must bear an approving stamp.

At Stodowa, the students' club converted from a mess hall for workers engaged in building the Stalin Palace of Culture, the variety shows are heavily censored these days. Anything conceivably offensive to the Soviet Union is taboo. The students, however, regard the censor with more irritation than dread, and there are many long arguments with him before a number or a line is dropped. In one skit that was left intact, two strangers were seen in a chance meeting on a street corner. One said, "What lovely weather this fall! Don't you like the Polish October?" The other flared up, "We have just met, and you want me to discuss politics?" This got a big, appreciative laugh as though the amateur satirists had slipped one over on the censor.

At another students' club, I saw American films borrowed from the United States embassy, the sound track all but drowned out by a run-

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ning Polish translation over a loudspeaker. This was read by a film critic, who later disclosed a weird but fluent knowledge of English—gained entirely from seeing some five hundred American and British movies. The lights came up; there was grave discussion of the story, of the acting. A student whispered to me, "It is a terrible thing, but we hear we will not be allowed by our authorities to see pictures from the American embassy much longer." I discovered later that this was because Polish film distributors have bought a dozen American films for exhibition in movie houses and want to eliminate the free competition.

•

THE HULA HOOP is seriously studied in gymnasiums and dance schools. Newspapers advertise instruction in "the latest Hula Hoop dance."

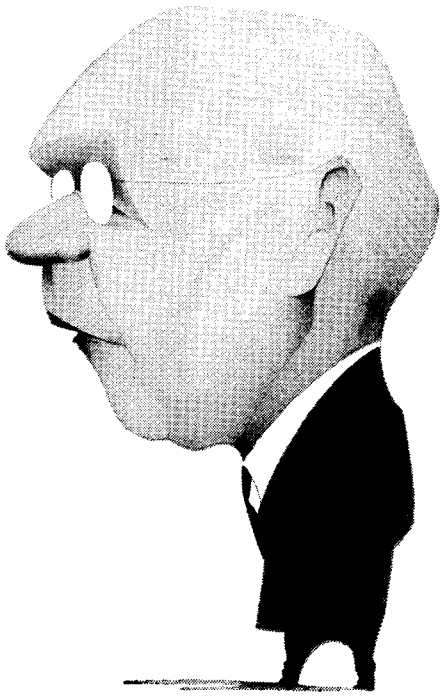
In the chamber-music hall of the Warsaw Philharmonic, three hundred young people gathered for a jazz concert. There was traditional jazz, played by a Polish group called the New Orleans Stompers, while another combination played progressive jazz. There was no movement in the audience, no stamp of feet, only rapt attention.

"For us," a young Pole told me later, "jazz is not entertainment. It is a cause." There are jazz devotees all over Poland, organized into a Federation of Jazz Clubs. American records are the hottest item on the black market. There is a monthly jazz newspaper. The official Communist organ for youth prints weekly advance listings of the Willis Conover program, omitting to say that this is "Music U.S.A." broadcast by the Voice of America.

•

THE WRITERS are in despair. At a conference of the Union of Polish Writers, protest welled up because the censor had banned more than thirty books in the past year. The Pasternak conflict in Russia looks like a dismal augury for Poland. Before Pasternak was officially denounced in Moscow, the union quickly telegraphed him congratulations on his Nobel Prize. For a brief twenty-four hours Pasternak's pictures sprouted from windows of the International Press Club. *Doctor Zhivago,* though not on sale in Poland, was listed in a poll of Polish writers as one of the best books of 1958. The party has warned the writers that they are going too far. Antoni Slonimski, president of the union, has been criticized and four other prominent writers have been banned from publishing and editorial positions. But behind the scenes high officials are trying to mediate and find a *modus vivendi* between the doctrinaires of the party and the writers. The admonition is, "We do not wish to be harsh with you. But be sensible!"

It is worse for journalists employed by newspapers than for the free-lance writers. Some have lost their jobs because of "unreliability." One said, "We are not arrested, no. Today the policy is to starve out those who will not conform . . .



Gomulka

literally, to starve us out. A party man told us this." Banned writers try to get along by translation of foreign works. But they fear that the market for translations is steadily narrowing.

A journalist told me, "You should see the atmosphere now at staff meetings. It is almost like old times. Someone is singled out and accused of being anti-Soviet, and he must defend himself." Editors were called into a conference by Jerzy Morawski, the party's arbiter of press and cultural affairs, and were told that their papers must be more actively Communist, lest "we be obliged to take administrative measures." He called some newspapers "too objectivist" and said that reporting on such issues as the Berlin crisis was "too balanced" between accounts from East and West.

What has happened to the Polish press? A party official explains: "You see, our press has gone through four stages. There was the Stalinist phase, when no word of criticism was allowed. Then there was the 1955-1956 stage, when there was no line and writers wrote in a complete vacuum. Then Gomulka returned to power, and consolidation started. But some writers, failing to see reality, continued attacking the party. Gomulka had to put a stop to that. Continued attacks on the party, and on the Soviet Union, would only have brought a complete suppression of freedom. Now, we have the fourth stage. The line has been set. Criticism is permitted—more so than in Stalin's day. But no criticism of the line is allowed. The press is simply being stabilized on the level of what is realistically possible."

A well-known Polish journalist with many foreign friends pleaded: "Don't come to see me any more. And don't telephone from the Hotel Bristol. I'm sorry, but I think it's better that way."

•

THREE YEARS AGO, in many classrooms one could see the crucifix on the wall over the Polish eagle, symbol of the state. This is no longer permitted. So the priest brings a crucifix with him for after-class instruction and takes it away with him when the lesson is over.

At a Roman Catholic cathedral in the meticulously reconstructed Old City of Warsaw, a nun teaches the catechism to a dozen children under the age of ten. Why in the cathedral, when religious instruction is permitted in the public schools? The nun explained: "Ah, you must understand, there is Catholic teaching only in those schools where the majority of parents ask for it. And in some schools, in one way or another *they*

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manage to get a majority against it."

Minister of Education Wladyslaw Bienkowski, an intimate of Gomulka, works in an office-library whose shelves seem almost exactly divided between Marxist literature and western classics. "I do not know why the Church should complain," he told me. "There are sixteen thousand schools where religion is taught and only a few hundred where it is not. There is still some tension with the Church. There is the question whether religion should be taught as a schooltime subject, paid from the state budget, as the Church wishes. There are many voices against this. These are delicate matters." Then he added: "Some are spreading rumors that Khrushchev brought pressure on Gomulka to take repressive action against the Church in Poland. It is not so. I can tell you that the subject of the Church did not arise in Gomulka's discussions with Khrushchev."

At the Catholic University of Lublin, the only religious university in all the Communist world, Rector Rechowicz administers the oath to a matriculating class. It is their duty, Father Rechowicz tells the young men, to work for Catholicism in Poland. "There is an open road before us."

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THE SLOGANS of Polish Communism are subdued, written more in terms of lesser evils than of ringing calls to action. Friendship with the Soviet Union is publicly justified as Poland's only guarantee against Germany; no one pretends that Russia is liked for itself.

(A young man said he hated the Russians more than the Germans, and when I expressed surprise, he said, "Whether you hate the Germans or the Russians more depends on your age level. My father hates the Germans more because he knew their occupation. I know the Russians better.")

More recently, and for the more sophisticated, support of Russia is justified in terms of the greater evil of Communist China. If you ask a Polish Communist why Gomulka has been yielding so compliantly to the Kremlin, the answer, when it is not the customary "He is buying internal freedom by lip service," is likely these days to be: "We must rally around Moscow to avoid domination of the Communist camp by Peking." Anti-Peking witticisms are spread by party members as well as by anti-Communists. There is the anecdote about Chou En-lai offering to send an advisory mission to Warsaw; when Gomulka asks him how large a mission he has in mind, Chou replies, "Oh, thirty-five or forty . . . million."

The Polish chief economic planner, fascinated by China's burst of energy, recalls: "A couple of years ago the Chinese looked around the socialist camp for a country where they could send young mining engineers to study coal extraction. They decided, finally, that the Polish mines suited their needs best. A year later, three hundred Chinese engineers arrived at Katowice--all speaking perfect Polish!"

Polish hates are better defined than Polish likes. An official visit by an East German delegation headed by party boss Walter Ulbricht—undertaken at the urging of Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev—started coldly and almost ended disastrously. The welcome was restrained and stiff. There was almost a crisis when Ulbricht refused to visit Gdansk (prewar Danzig), the Poles suspecting that he did not wish to acknowledge it as Polish territory. Stones were thrown at Ulbricht's car in Warsaw. I saw one Pole spit when the car (a Soviet ZIS tactfully hauled out instead of the West German-made Mercedes-Benz cars preferred by high Polish officials) passed him. "I don't like Germans," he told me. "If I did like Germans, I would not like German Communists. If I did like German Communists, I would not like Ulbricht."

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THE POLISH PRESS made much recently of a public-opinion poll (and Poland is the only Communist-ruled country where opinion is polled) that showed the majority of Poles to be in favor of socialism. Omitted from the published account was the answer to the question "Which country would you choose as a model?" The largest number answered "Sweden."

The abiding mystery is Gomulka and his cult of impersonality. A Warsaw quip has it, "In Russia, nobody talks but Khrushchev; in Poland, everybody talks but Gomulka." Lately, however, Gomulka has made some long and cliché-ridden speeches. In the strangely relaxed climate of Poland, these are recorded and condensed for broadcasting by radio officials afraid that complete versions would bore the public. One sees few pictures of Gomulka, and no statues.

The mystery of Gomulka, stemming from his puritanical remoteness, is that no one knows where he really stands, though there are many ready to interpret him. At a meeting of the party central committee, preparing for the congress, he made a tough-sounding speech, demanding stricter compliance with the party line. This was published. But, his supporters say, at the end of the same meeting he made other remarks—unpublished, but widely leaked—that tended to temper the impression made by the speech. He is said to have brushed aside a delegate's attempt to formulate a theoretical point, saying that such things were unimportant (Gomulka the pragmatist). He rejected a suggestion that police powers be invoked against malcontents, saying those were the techniques used under Stalin (Gomulka the moderate). He defended Poland's newspapers, criticized for not taking enough initiative in attacking Tito of Yugoslavia and justifying the execution of ex-Premier Imre Nagy in Hungary, saying, "I have said all that needed to be said on those subjects" (Gomulka the defender of the press).

Gomulka has made two long visits to Moscow in the past six months. There were dire predictions among intellectuals that he would yield to pressure by Khrushchev for greater repression. So far at least, the worst fears have not been fulfilled.

"Remember always," says a party official, "that we are in the socialist camp because we must be. Poland is an eastern European country, and we must accept geography as it is. Like Norway in the western bloc, we try to keep a little freedom of maneuver. In the race for coexistence, we will be first. In a race toward tension, we will be the last. But in the end we will go where eastern Europe goes."

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VIEWS & REVIEWS

Mehdi Sankasil Gets the Treatment

WILLIS D. JACOBS

AT DINNERTIME on the day when Moroccan irregular troops invaded the Spanish enclave of Ifni on the west coast of Africa, Mehdi Sankasil bustled into the dining room of the Colegio Mayor Universitario Juan Bernal a few minutes late. The two hundred Spanish university students who lived at the residence hall had already begun their dinner. As the plump Moroccan student bounced into the room, the Spanish students, acting like one body, placed their knives and forks on their plates, turned their heads to face Mehdi, folded their arms, and sat in ominous silence. Their faces were stern and cold. Oh, oh, I thought, they're giving Mehdi the treatment.

This was the University of (let us say) Valenzuela, in Spain, where I recently spent a year as visiting professor. Mehdi was the only Moroccan among the many students who lived in Bernal, one of the university residence halls. Seated at the *presidencia,* or faculty high table, with fifteen Spanish professors, I watched the tableau before me. Ever since the radio had flashed the news of the undeclared war earlier that day, I had wondered how Mehdi would be received by the Spanish students. He had never really been accepted by them. What would they do now?

Mehdi sat at his table, five Spanish students with folded arms and sealed lips in the other chairs. He smiled at them, his own eyes almost invisible behind the thick lenses of his horn-rimmed glasses, and began to eat. At all the tables the students sat frozen in their silent glare. Mehdi ate on unconcerned. He did not hurry or falter. He did not look around. With his thick eyeglasses it was possible, I thought, that he had not noticed anything unusual. I hoped not. I remembered an episode just a few weeks back.

A NUMBER of petty thefts had occurred in Bernal. An alarm clock disappeared from one room; a student found fifty pesetas gone from his dresser; another missed some ties. Suspicion turned on a certain resident, a young student with a handsome face and an ingratiating manner, who spent most of his time in downtown cafés and very little at the university. A committee of five students investigated the city secondhand shops and found the missing clock and ties. The proprietor of the shop described the seller as the suspected youth. The committee waited upon Dr. Don Antonio Solano Navarro, professor of geology and director of Juan Bernal.

"Tolerance?" Don Antonio suggested to the committee.

"Expulsion is the only just course," the students said.

"Let's wait to see whether further thefts occur," said Don Antonio. The committee left grim-faced.

That evening as the suspected youth sat down at his dining table, his tablemates deposited knife and fork, folded their arms, and stared before them. The youth was startled and looked about. Cold animosity glared at him from everywhere. "*Qué hay?*" he stammered. No one replied. He began to eat. The heavy stillness unnerved him. He looked around at the silent, implacable faces, tried to eat again, paused with bowed head, dropped his knife and fork, and fled. Immediately the two hundred students picked up their forks and began to eat. Voices rose in conversation. Everything was normal again. "Very effective," Don Antonio, seated at my left at the *presidencia,* said to me. "Cruel but effective." He shook his head and began to cut his meat. During the meal the youth packed his suitcases and left Bernal.

NOW IT WAS poor Mehdi's turn. Because I was an American, because Mehdi loved the United States (a country I hardly recognized from his descriptions of it), because we were both foreigners among several thousand university students all native Spaniards, Mehdi had tapped upon my door early in the school year. We had become friends.

Our friendship was a constant series of small arguments mellowed by equally constant hilarity. Mehdi was naïve, likable, and dogmatic. We differed on many things and enjoyed our differences. I liked Spaniards; I delighted in their company and respected them individually. Mehdi disdained them. Just as my affection for Spain and its people pleased and amused them, so Mehdi's disdain perplexed and annoyed them. I liked to talk with Spaniards. Mehdi bustled past them. He thought Spaniards inhuman and backward. Speaking of the Spaniards, Mehdi often sounded to me like certain Americans speaking, say,

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of Arabs. When I told him this, he would bubble into laughter and then continue unchanged.

Now his Moroccan countrymen had invaded Spanish territory. That afternoon in the Sala de Estar I had found almost a hundred of the students pressed together and listening intently to the radio bulletins. They were angry. The bulletins announced the death of Spanish soldiers and settlers by name. The students turned to one another and cried out at the words. And Mehdi was our only Moroccan.

Not that he looked Moroccan, or what I had fancied Moroccans would look like. No flowing robes, no leonine saturninity, no fez or turban, no kneeling in prayer. Mehdi was a plump, brisk young man studying medicine. He dressed in well-cut suits from which he bulged slightly. His ambition was to complete his medical training in the United States, and with that in mind he frequently practiced upon me a few words of American slang learned from the movies. He spoke English in a suddenly changed voice —a falsetto. "That is the way English is spoken," he assured me, speaking in Spanish in a normal tone, then squeaking out an English phrase again.

"No, no," I would cry, "we don't speak English—and certainly not American English—that way. Here's the way we say it; now imitate me." Mehdi would laugh and squeak it out again. I have already said that he was dogmatic. But he was also utterly friendly to anyone who was not Spanish. He radiated good will. Behind his thick eyeglasses he looked out upon the world with a friendliness that almost wagged its tail.

IN THE *comedor* now he ate on serenely. It was obvious that he was relishing his food. I glanced at Don Antonio and he nodded at me. The Spaniard admires courage, and especially courage against odds—the fiercer the bull, the nobler the lonely man on the sand. Mehdi continued to eat, unperturbed. It was impossible to tell whether he had noticed anything. He was in good appetite. We had steak that night, and along with my fifteen faculty colleagues I began to pitch in. Out of the corner of my eye I saw something rarely seen: embarrassed Spaniards. (The Spaniard will become angry or cold, rather than embarrassed.) It was clear that the students did not understand the situation; Mehdi was openly enjoying his steak, the steak smelled good, and the students began to feel both foolish and hungry. Rooted in their chairs, arms folded, they were staring at a rotund, bespectacled boy who was apparently unaware of anything but his pleasure in the food. Mehdi took another roll from the plate in the center of the table, broke it in two, dipped the bread thoughtfully in the gravy, moved it carefully about to absorb the succulence, and then munched it, his full face betokening gentle rapture. He sighed with content.

Almost shamefacedly, the students lowered their arms, looked uncertainly at one another, then seized their knives and forks and attacked their meat, now grown cold. A hum of casual talk arose. The meal went on in ordinary calm. It was like any other evening now.

"Qué delicioso!" I said to Don Antonio. He knew that I was referring less to the steak than to Mehdi's action, and he said to me, *"Es hombre, ese."* (He's a real man.) And yet I was not certain whether Mehdi had been courageous or oblivious. There are times in life, no doubt, when myopia is mistaken for valor.

LATER THAT EVENING came a cheerful tat-tat-tat on my door. *"Adelante!,"* I called, and Mehdi stepped in all smiles. He always entered my room cheerfully. To him it was a bit of the United States. He loved to tell me about the United States, a nation he knew well from the movies he had seen in Morocco and Spain. He liked the English and American books on my shelves. He liked practicing their titles in the artificial falsetto he insisted was English enunciation. Once I gave him the catalogue of the University of New Mexico, which I happened to have with me, and he was as grateful as for a gem. The English words in it thrilled him. If anything was American he thought it superlative. When I had asked him why he liked the United States so much, his eyes had grown wide at the impossibility of naming all the joys: "Your movies!" he said. "Your women! Your cars! Your wealth!"

"Mehdi," I remonstrated, "surely you ought to think too of our history, our literature, our great men, our democratic ideals. And as for wealth," I said, "we also have much poverty and illness and need." Behind his glasses Mehdi's eyes opened wider in disbelief. He laughed at me. I discovered how infuriating it is to be loved for the wrong reasons.

"Well, Mehdi," I said when he had sat down, "you certainly handled the situation at dinner well."

"What situation?" His voice was mildly puzzled.

"The way the students gave you the silent treatment. They were angry about Ifni."

"The silent treatment?"

"Hombre," I said, "you know well enough what happened in the *comedor*."

"Oh, that," said Mehdi. "Come to think of it, the room was pleasantly quiet at first." He smiled. "You know how Spaniards are. Now that they're being licked by a few Moroccans, they sulk like children."

I persisted. "Didn't you feel the cold blast of their eyes upon you tonight?"

"The food was good," Mehdi said. "And, anyway, who notices what Spaniards are doing? It's always something silly. I never pay them any attention."

I shook my head in wonderment. Is sheer indifference courage? Is inattention bravery?

WHENEVER Mehdi spoke of Mohammed V, the king of Morocco, his voice hushed with awe. The majesty of the name forced him to a kind of vocal obeisance. He was proud of the recently granted full independence of Morocco; the mere thought of it made him euphoric. "We're like the United States," he told me once. "We fought for our independence against Spain, we won, and now we're a free nation." He spoke with immense pride.

"I'm all for Moroccan freedom," I said. "But honestly, Mehdi, are the people of Morocco better off now than they were before?"

"We're an independent country!" he cried in joy.

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"Good," I said. "But now that Moroccans rule Moroccans, do the people live any better? Do they eat better? Do they have better schools? Do they have more liberty in speech and action? Do they have more hope for their sons?"

His face fell. He brooded. "No," he said reluctantly. "The farmers especially are miserable." He sighed. "They are really miserable."

"Nonetheless," I told him, "Morocco now has the freedom to create its own future. You are your own masters."

HE GRASPED HAPPILY at the straw I gave him. "Our king," he said, "lives only for the people." His voice trembled with veneration. "He is like a god." It was as if Mehdi were on his knees, forehead reverently on the ground before him. Through the smartly tailored, slightly small suit and the horn-rimmed eyeglasses burst the Arab and the Oriental.

When I left Spain at the end of the year, Mehdi insisted on accompanying me to the train. Against my protest he carried my heaviest suitcase. The train was late, and Mehdi waited with me on the platform. Near us were three drunk Americans, soldiers out of uniform, also waiting for the train. They passed whiskey bottles among them, drank, and cursed each other in loud voices. Occasionally they broke into inane calls and then they would laugh uproariously and slap one another on the back. The Spaniards on the platform, many in small family groups, glanced quickly at them, then pretended they had seen nothing. The three Americans ignored the crowd, drank from the bottles, made animal shouts, and drunkenly reviled one another.

Mehdi observed them with interest. His eyes lighted up. "What are they saying?" he asked me.

"It's pretty bad language."

"Tell me."

I translated for him. "Americans," Mehdi said, "are remarkable people. Look at their energy. Look at their contempt for the Spaniards here. Spaniards wouldn't dare act that way on the public platforms. They're slaves. But you Americans will say anything and do anything anywhere." Mehdi beamed upon the three drunks.

THEATER

East of Broadway

MARYA MANNES

FOR SOME REASON, the run on Asians in casting offices this year has been extremely heavy. The stages of *Flower Drum Song* and *The World of Suzie Wong* teem—I think that is the word—with slant-eyed faces; and although the principals of *Rashomon* and *A Majority of One* are anything but Oriental, Japanese maidens shuffle and kneel in the latter and make-up artists are busy nightly taping up eyelids and tying obis on the less favored in both.

Not that *Rashomon* and *Majority of One* have anything in common beyond their involvement with Japan and the fact that they are both highly successful theater. For *Rashomon* is a legend, told formally, of medieval Japan, and *Majority* is a parable, told colloquially, of Americans and Japanese today. The first engages everything but the heart; the second expands it.

Rashomon was originally a movie: a tale, exquisitely filmed by the Japanese, of a Samurai, his wife, and a bandit who encounter each other in a forest a thousand years ago. The bandit rapes the wife and the Samurai husband is found later dead of a sword wound. The play, like the movie, concerns the four versions—the four "truths": those told by the wife and the bandit to the court, the dead man's story evoked by a medium, and the final, eyewitness account by a woodcutter in the forest. Not one is like the other: each narrator tells his story as he would like others to hear it. It is a wry fable, a timeless puzzle.

Since the movie depended so much on the fluidity of movement and mood which, presumably, only film could provide, it was hard to see what added dimensions the stage could give it. I was surprised, in fact, at David Susskind's decision to produce a version by Fay and Michael Kanin. It seemed a remote and rather special choice.

But Peter Glenville's production performed an act of theater magic achieved through startling visual beauty and superb performances. I have seen nothing lovelier in many years than the bamboo forest and the crumbling Rashomon gate designed by Oliver Messel: the gate immutable but the forest turning and the leaves flickering in light and shade as the nobleman and his veiled wife on a white horse pick their way disdainfully through it until the bandit crosses their path. There is the music of wind and bells to punctuate their silences, there is the explosive lustiness of Rod Steiger's bandit to shatter their peace, there is the ragged chorus at the gate: the priest, the woodcutter, and the lowest of all creatures, the wig-

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maker, played with wonderfully disreputable humor by Oscar Homolka. Three times this chorus watches the forest crime performed; three times they hear each of the triangle—kneeling on a platform thrust into the audience—address the unseen court which *is* the audience. Perhaps the most gripping moment of *Rashomon,* and certainly the most chilling, is when the voice of the dead Samurai, torn from the depths of anguish, echoes in the black tunnel of the medium's frightful mouth. This is superior Grand Guignol.

So you go away from *Rashomon* with your eyes filled and your senses fed, satisfied as children used to be with a good bedtime fairy story.

BUT YOU LEAVE *Majority of One* with a good deal more than you bargained for. For on the surface, Leonard Spigelgass's comedy of a Jewish widow and a Japanese widower who manage somehow to bridge the gap between their respective cultures is an endearing and funny little homily on tolerance, sprinkled both deftly and lavishly with corn. Spigelgass knows his Brooklyn, and what he doesn't know about his Japan doesn't bother you. If you can believe that Sir Cedric Hardwicke is a Japanese industrialist enchanted with Mrs. Jacoby's *meshuga* (crazy) wisdom, you can believe anything. And you do.

For the writer and Gertrude Berg (the Molly Goldberg of radio and television fame who plays the widow) have one thing in common: an immense understanding of people which is based on love and a belief in their innate dignity. Mrs. Jacoby may be humble but she is never cheap. Mr. Asana may be ritual-minded but he is none the less real. Mrs. Jacoby's young diplomat son-in-law may verge on the pompous but his intelligence and affection are patent; Mrs. Jacoby's daughter is exactly the kind of girl she would have had.

Majority is by no means bland: it says astute and searching things, but with such enveloping humor and compassion that their acceptance is immediate. Mr. Spigelgass does not believe that truth need be shouted or that life is real only in terms of violence. Nor is his homage to the best American-Jewish qualities and the best Japanese qualities a sentimental one; he is quite able to laugh at the frailties of both.

And although the Japanese might not quite recognize themselves in Mr. Asana—they would find Mrs. Jacoby's rapture at his Tokyo home understandable, where they would consider his pleasure in her Brooklyn parlor (a cheerful affront to any cultivated Oriental eye) incredible—I feel they would both enjoy and respect the play's intent. And I would not be surprised in time to find this unpretentious little comedy playing in many capitals of the world, east and west, and brightening our image everywhere.

The Dissidence of Dudintsev

FRANCIS S. RONALDS, JR.

LAST DECEMBER, when Vladimir Dudintsev printed his first work since *Not by Bread Alone,* the event merited just five lines in the New York *Times.* And yet Dudintsev, though certainly not in the same league with Pasternak as a writer, is likely to have the greater influence among his own countrymen in the immediate future.

During the two years that separate *Not by Bread Alone* from Dudintsev's new work, a short story called "The Mad Little Boy," Dudintsev has been the prime target of a massive attack against literary dissidents. Throughout the first major engagement, at the plenum of the Moscow branch of the Soviet Writers' Union in March of 1957, Dudintsev and most of his comrades stuck to their guns. *Literaturnaya Gazeta* reported: "V. Dudintsev essentially repudiated the criticism of his book. . . . Those who were sharply critical of his novel were called by Dudintsev 'sowers of panic.'" Two months later, Khrushchev himself joined the fray, declaring that Dudintsev had fallen prey to "distorted and pessimistic notions." Following the Khrushchev intervention, Dudintsev and the other dissidents—Evtushenko, Kaverin, Granin, Kron, and Rudny, to name a few—no longer defended their views openly, but they still refused to make the public apology demanded of them. Then, in December, 1957, the newspaper *Vechernaya Moskva* announced that Dudintsev had recognized "on the whole the correctness and justice of the critical pronouncements addressed to him by Soviet public opinion." In his forthcoming novel on the Soviet intelligentsia, Dudintsev would not fail to serve up "positive" heroes "warmly and attractively." Still later, Khrushchev boasted that Dudintsev's work in progress would not please but rather anger the West.

KHRUSHCHEV must be disappointed in Dudintsev's new story. Once more, he has suggested that the Soviet system has shortcomings for which it provides no remedy of its own. If anything, "The Mad Little Boy" is more "pessimistic" than *Not by Bread Alone.* Perhaps significantly, the story was printed just before the opening of the R.S.F.S.R. Writers Congress, where it may have been a rallying point for the rebels. Of interest but of no apparent significance is the fact that it was published in the newspaper of the Young Communist League, *Komsomolskaya Pravda,* edited by Khrushchev's son-in-law, Alexei Adzhubey.

The locale of "The Mad Little Boy" is a big new apartment building in Moscow. It features an eleven-year-old boy and his father, representatives of the New Class, as villains; the apartment-house superintendent ("a wounded veteran"), a kindly truck driver, and the other children of the apartment house as heroes. The boy, Alik, is handsome but nasty. His father drives a sky-blue Volga, apparently the only private car in the block. The truck driver and the kids try to prevent Alik from mistreating a homeless mutt that they have adopted. Finally the dog, Tobik, snaps at his tormentor. Rebuffed in his attempt to force the superintendent to drown Tobik, Alik's father pulls strings

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with the local bureaucrats to get the superintendent in trouble and to have the dog done away with. Just in time, the truck driver, Uncle Sasha, manages to spirit the dog away to relatives who live near Kharkov.

The story fairly groans under its burden of social symbolism, all directed against the new autocratic exploiters of the noble masses: "Alik's father . . . was not one of those members of the intelligentsia who could handle a hammer or chop wood. For example, in his Volga, which he drove himself, he thought of nothing but the steering wheel, the accelerator and the brakes."

Uncle Sasha, who obligingly fixes up the car every time it breaks down under this treatment, says to Alik's father: "You ought to respect your car, comrade. You can't respect people without respecting their work."

LIKE MOST of the other dissident writers, Dudintsev is not dissatisfied with Communism as such. In fact, he wants to remake his society more in accordance with his own Communist ideals. In this, of course, he is poles apart from Pasternak. "I don't know a movement," says Dr. Zhivago, "that is more self-centered and further removed from the truth than Marxism." And Pasternak is no reformer: "When I hear people speak of reshaping life," Dr. Zhivago tells a Communist partisan leader, "it makes me lose my self-control and I fall into despair." By comparison, Dudintsev is a party activist. One of the characters in *Not by Bread Alone* went so far as to describe the prevailing attitude of indifference in the bureaucracy as a "remnant of capitalism."

Pasternak and Dudintsev both came from musical homes and both studied law before they settled down to writing. Otherwise, the two have little in common. Almost thirty years separate them. Pasternak's mind and tastes were formed in the expansive atmosphere of the pre-revolutionary intelligentsia; he studied and traveled abroad and spent much of his creative life in translating Shakespeare, Goethe, Shelley, and Verlaine. In a sense, he has always been an "inner émigré." Dudintsev, on the other hand, is a purely Soviet product.

Both Pasternak and Dudintsev champion the individual. But Pasternak's faith in the individual is explicitly religious and apolitical, whereas for Dudintsev the individual has a purely social obligation toward his fellow man and toward his country. In *Not by Bread Alone,*

when Lopatkin almost despairs in his lonely struggle against the entrenched bureaucracy, he is told: "You must carry on with the work your country needs, even if it rejects your achievements. Even when it condemns you out of the mouth of those of its servants and judges who pronounce unjust sentences in its name . . ."

Pasternak's voice rings out of the past, reverberates into the future. Yet for many of the younger Soviet *intelligenty,* the sound is strange, almost incomprehensible. Few of them would defend the suppression of *Doctor Zhivago,* but even fewer, having read an eight-hundred-ruble black-market copy, would fail to understand why the book has been suppressed. Dudintsev, much less of an artist, is nevertheless much closer to his audience. As a typical representative of the new Soviet intelligentsia, he apparently accepts his role as a leader of what might be called the loyal opposition. But can he hold out? "Before I met you," a character in *Not by Bread Alone* tells Lopatkin, "I would have said that in our country it was impossible to fight alone. I still say that it is difficult."

MOVIES

Where We Came In

STEVEN MARCUS

THERE IS a certain way of discussing Shakespeare and the dramatists of his time in which every difficulty is explained away by referring to the "conventions" of the Elizabethan theater. The perplexities of Hamlet's indecision and delay, for example, are supposed to vanish when we see *Hamlet* as a "revenge tragedy," a type of play in which the revenge cannot take place until the final scene. Or if we have set out to determine the essential nature of Falstaff's character, we are informed that Falstaff is perfectly simple, Shakespeare's rendering of a traditional type, the *miles gloriosus* or bragging soldier. So far as Shakespeare is concerned, these explanations seem to me to explain very little. They do, however, have some relevance to inferior, more thoroughly "conventional" works of literature. And films, I believe, are inherently well suited for examination in such terms. They are produced rapidly for a contemporary and mass audience, they are (except by accident) ephemeral, and they assume that their audience is familiar with the traditional formulas of the genre. Two recent movies about revolutions are clear instances of how film conventions work—or fail to work.

ANATOLE LITVAK'S *The Journey* is supposed to be about the 1956 Hungarian revolt. It opens with some wide-screen color shots of Budapest airport, where Russian soldiers are standing about with Tommy guns and Russian jets are moaning overhead. The camera then enters the terminal, where we see a large, motley group of people, some sprawled across chairs or over baggage or on the floor, many on

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their feet just milling about. These, we understand, are foreigners, stranded in Budapest because of the uprising, and trying to get out. Ten seconds of this and we know where we are. We are back in the middle and late 1930's with Alfred Hitchcock and that glamorous band of international characters trapped in *Mitteleuropa,* whose interesting fates will be worked out in their efforts to escape the approaching holocaust. And we're right, for up to the terminal desk weaves Robert Morley, and in the most nasal and insular of English accents demands for the hundredth time immediate information about their flight, exactly as those two Hitchcock comedians used to demand, coolly, imperiously, in the midst of Hitler's Europe, the scores in the latest cricket match. We relax, we are on familiar ground.

The airfield is closed, and the travelers are put on a bus that is to take them to the Austrian border, some 250 kilometers away. Almost there, they are stopped in a village by the Russian garrison, commanded by Yul Brynner. He has them confined in an inn—which in its exotic folksiness, dilapidation, and vaguely sinister emptiness also reminds one of Hitchcock. Then the cinematic convention reverts to another, and somehow more familiar, type: there before our eyes are the Russians. Let me describe these Russians. They are large, apple-cheeked, and well fed, and wear handsome, rich, clean uniforms. They sing stirring folk songs as they march, sad folk songs late at night around the campfires, and gay folk songs as they dance on their haunches and when they drink. They weep when a horse is shot; they weep when a Hungarian is shot. Indeed, as Commandant Brynner movingly avows, the Russians love the Hungarians. They are gay, lively, sad, and soulful. They haven't changed a bit; these are the wonderful Russians of all those Second World War movies, and the rising of my nostalgia was just sufficient to suppress the rising of my gorge.

At this point one would expect the convention to run up against reality, but that is cleverly avoided by the presence of Yul Brynner. With his shaved head, riding crop, jackboots, and black-leather half-coat, Brynner can't help looking like a fugitive from *Anastasia*—he is a brilliant horseman and his tastes in food, dress, and women are unwaveringly aristocratic. Moreover, he is uncontrollably passionate in love, war, and games: in one scene he actually takes a bite out of a vodka glass, chews it up, and swallows the fragments—a glass-chewing act, I suspect, from some White Russian vaudeville show in Montmartre. In short, Brynner not only takes the curse off the problem of how to play sympathetically a Communist soldier during the Hungarian revolt, he subverts the question altogether by simply making it look impossible that *he* could ever be involved in it.

But all sorts of unpleasant things do keep happening on and off the screen (people are being hunted and shot), and someone is needed for the audience either to blame or dislike. The makers of the film find the answer to that in a rather recent addition to film conventions, the image of the American wife and mother abroad—by now as available an object for free-floating and generalized resentment as the American businessman of twenty years ago. This woman is yelling all the time (mostly at her two poor TV-stunned children); she is grossly pregnant, graceless, tasteless, and slovenly; she browbeats her mild and decent husband, is utterly selfish, hates sex, and demands that Deborah Kerr, a beautiful English aristocrat, prostitute herself to Brynner so that he will release them. Within the film's system of values she is certainly the chief moral delinquent, and although the audience can't blame her for all the dead Hungarians, it can dislike her actively and thoroughly enough to keep from considering that unpleasant subject. The curious effect of it all is to connect the agony of the Hungarian revolt with a wholly contemptible image of American society. The makers of *The Journey* may not have intended this, but this is what they have achieved, and it is the sort of thing that always happens when so many conventions are used so mindlessly.

The French-Italian-Yugoslav team that made *War and Peace* has now produced *Tempest,* which will be available to American moviegoers within the next fortnight or so. Some of it looks like leftover footage from its forerunner. Taken from Pushkin's *The Captain's Daughter,* the story is about the Pugachev rebellion: in 1773 the Cossacks were led to an uprising by one Pugachev, who claimed that he was Czar Peter III. The tale begins when a young ensign (Geoffrey Horne) who has disgraced himself at Catherine's court is sent out to the Cossack provinces for discipline. He and the faithful family serf (lugubriously played by Oscar Homolka) set off in a troika for Fort Raskolnikov—or something to that effect. The color photography of their journey across a wintry European countryside is pleasantly artful. Fort Raskolnikov

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heaves into view—and we know where we are. It looks like Fort Laramie; it *is* Fort Laramie; and *Tempest* is simply a Western in a babushka.

Everything is there—the log palings and ramparts, the muddy compound, the little inefficient garrison, the captain's daughter, the siege and mass assault on the fort. There is even the dandy old episode of sending out a scout on horseback with a message to Fort Stavrogin. Next shot: silence, the gates swing slowly open, and in clops the horse, the scout slumped over him with a knife in his back and a bloody ultimatum skewered by the blade, "surrender or die." Pugachev and his refractory Cossacks are Slavic dead ringers for Geronimo and the Apaches. Indeed, as Pugachev, played by Van Heflin in admirably hollow style, keeps insisting, he and his followers are the real Russians, not Catherine and her foreign interlopers and soldiers. (I was only disappointed that they couldn't find a broken treaty for Heflin to hold up.)

IT IS ALL familiar and amusing stuff, and if *Tempest* does nothing else, it demonstrates that the conventions of the Western are as appropriate to the plains of Siberia as to the deserts of Arizona.

Tempest does even more, however, for it steals scenes from any number of movies, and in fact comes close to being a purely synthetic product. Pugachev's great barbaric feast is taken right out of *Henry VIII;* the massed charge of Russian cavalry is lifted directly from the charge in *Henry V,* which was in turn modeled on a similar scene in *Alexander Nevsky;* the climactic duel of the ensign on foot versus the villain on horseback comes out of *Ivanhoe* and heaven knows where else; and Pugachev's capture is a close adaptation of much the same scene in *Richard III.*

There are numerous other borrowings in *Tempest,* but oddly enough the movie doesn't suffer for being a tissue of secondhand ideas—at least the makers reproduced some scenes worth seeing again. And since it is essentially loyal to a single formula, that of the Western, it doesn't tie itself into knots as *The Journey* does.

BOOKS

Guernica to Hiroshima

IRVING KRISTOL

THE GREAT DECISION: THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE ATOMIC BOMB, by Michael Amrine. *Putnam's. $3.95.*

In order to make emphatic the degree to which morality hangs upon circumstance, the late Morris Raphael Cohen, in his philosophy course at New York City's College, used to employ the following parable: Suppose that a fallen angel were to appear before mankind, offering it a very clever invention that would make life more convenient than ever before. Suppose, too, that he demanded in return the annual blood sacrifice of several thousands of our young men and women. Would not the conscience of the nation be outraged? Would we not, all of us, spurn the offer with contempt? And then came the automobile . . .

Nowhere is this easy accommodation of morals to things more visible than in the art of war. The Church officially condemned the use of the crossbow when first it was introduced. But by the time gunpowder and cannon were put to military work ("Christians do invade Christians with the weapons of hell!," cried Erasmus), the crossbow was accepted as an eminently civilized instrument of combat. In our own day we have seen this movement speeded up, keeping desperate pace with our accelerated rate of progress. When Franco bombed the city of Guernica, killing hundreds of unarmed civilians, it was a universal scandal. When, a few years later, Nazi planes bombed Rotterdam, it was a not unexpected act of beastliness. When, a couple of years after that, the Allies went in for "strategic" and "area" bombing, it was a grim military necessity. And by the time the use of the atomic bomb was on the agenda, in 1944, the situation was one that has been summed up as follows by Winston Churchill: "The historic fact remains, and must be judged in the after-time, that the decision whether or not to use the atomic bomb to compel the surrender of Japan was never even an issue." Between Guernica and Hiroshima there lay exactly eight years.

MICHAEL AMRINE'S account of how, where, and when the decision to drop the bomb took shape—it was too foregone a decision to be "reached"—indicates that Churchill was exaggerating, but pardonably and only slightly. There was, on the part of some men (Stimson, McCloy, Grew, Bard), a troubled equivocation and soul searching. Others—including Truman, who in his subsequent casual and rather cold-blooded judgments fails to do himself justice—were aware that they were involved in an awesome event whose full dimensions lay beyond their reckoning. A few scientists (Franck, Szilard, Rabinowitch) who agitated against the dropping of the bomb, on the ground that this kind of warfare held an enormous danger for the entire human race, appear in retrospect to be the most percipient. But this is a distortion in time's mirror; even they admitted the legitimacy of an eventual atomic attack against Japan if a prior demonstration explosion did not call forth an immediate Japanese surrender—as it almost certainly would not have. The truth is that none of these men was a free agent. Reluctantly, they were drawn into the future, step after step, by the logic of events which they pretended to govern.

For how could they decide *not* to drop the bomb? The resulting civilian casualties were sure to be horrible (in the event, they were underestimated by a factor of four), but the number who died in a single fire-bomb raid on Tokyo was in fact nearly equal to Hiroshima and greater than Nagasaki. A continuing air and naval blockade would have killed millions of Japanese. An invasion of the Japanese islands would

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have been the bloodiest prospect of all—and what American government could contemplate more than a million casualties among its own soldiers (the official military estimate) while an alternative was at hand? As always on such occasions, mercy itself seemed to beg for swift murder.

But what makes of this particular episode as much a modern American tragedy as a classical Greek one, a tragedy arising from petty human weakness as well as from a harsh and ineluctable fate, is the fact that there *was* a kind of alternative all along. The Japanese were ready to surrender months before the bomb was dropped, but not "unconditionally." There is even good ground for believing they would not have insisted on more than one condition: being allowed to keep their Emperor. We were to let them do so in any case; but we could not bring ourselves to offer a specific assurance, being prisoners of our own rhetoric. As Stimson later observed:

"Unfortunately during the war years high American officials had made some fairly blunt and unpleasant remarks about the Emperor, and it did not seem wise to Mr. Truman and Secretary of State Byrnes that the government should reverse its field too sharply; too many people were likely to cry shame."

But before a gradual reversal could be managed, there was the bomb, ready for use. The only consolation, as Oppenheimer has pointed out, is that once it was known how to make the bomb, the great powers would have felt compelled to be armed with it, as today. In the light of Russia's postwar behavior, it is clear that an international agreement for the effective outlawing of the atomic bomb was never a real possibility. Nevertheless, its first actual use was by us, the first stain of guilt was on the American record. And this was quite unnecessary. Future generations, removed from the passions of Pearl Harbor and (one hopes) accustomed to a more mature approach to political realities, will find it difficult to imagine or to forgive the bombast and narrow-mindedness that held us to a war aim which was preposterous in the first place and which we ourselves had ceased to believe in.

Mr. Amrine's book is competent, thorough, and shrewd. It does not add significantly to the account of Army historian Louis Morton, in his *Foreign Affairs* article of January, 1957, but it tells the story fairly. The style, however, is deplorable. It is slick, padded, melodramatic, and relies on every shoddy artifice that, in a glossy magazine, is supposed to make for quick and painless "readability." One still feels, perhaps anachronistically, that the bomb should be treated with more respect.

A Giant in the Tropics

ADOLF A. BERLE, JR.

NEW WORLD IN THE TROPICS: THE CULTURE OF MODERN BRAZIL, by Gilberto Freyre. *Knopf. $5.*

Of all the countries in the New World, ours included, Brazil has recently been winning the widest international acclaim for the originality of its art and scholarship. Gilberto Freyre achieved instant European and Latin-American fame with his masterpiece of sociology, *Casa Grande,* translated into English under the title of *Masters and Slaves*—an epic of vivid writing and human compassion. His present volume—dedicated to another world-famous Brazilian, the composer Heitor Villa-Lobos—is the best available analysis of a great country that is destined to be America's most important neighbor. Brazil is as big as the continental United States plus another Texas; its population exceeds sixty-five million; its rate of development is comparable to ours in the late nineteenth century; its potential is unlimited.

Brazil's specific genius, Freyre points out, has been twofold. Thanks to its Portuguese heritage, he says, Brazil has been able to approximate a solution of race problems unknown anywhere else in the world—this, although Negro slaves were not freed in Brazil until 1888. Moreover, Brazil has built a vast civilization in the tropics on European lines. How this was done, why the impact of this civilization is growing, and what its effects will be are matters of interest to every North American. When today's school children are middle-aged, Brazil will be a country of 120 million, enormously endowed with natural resources and with a huge expansion still ahead—in other words, a major world power. What Brazilians then think of the United States and what Americans then think of Brazil may well determine the course of history.

According to Freyre, "The secret of Brazil's success in building humane, Christian, and modern civilization in tropical America has been her genius for compromise." This capacity was not, as in Anglo-Saxon countries, limited to politics. It was carried into the social and cultural sphere. Ethnic democracy was the result. In respect of race relations, Freyre thinks "the Brazilian situation is probably the nearest approach to a paradise to be found anywhere in the world." This is true, but in all fairness it must be noted that the economic problem has not yet been solved. Negroes in Brazil are not met with Faubuses, but as a rule their economic condition is not equal to that of the whites—though there is certainly no organized resistance or opposition to their achieving such equality.

FREYRE makes a number of important points about his old friend Getulio Vargas—president, dictator, and again president of Brazil. Vargas, who had in him "something of the Jesuit, but something also of the Indian," contrived to do the necessary job of centralizing Brazil. This helps to explain why a country that had never endured dictatorship since Napoleonic times briefly accepted the dictatorial form—and rejected it in 1945 after eight years. In doing so, Brazil anticipated the revolutionary movement which has swept Latin America since 1954, from Buenos Aires to Havana.

Noting the present wave of "anti-Yankeeism" in Latin America

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(it has also swept Brazil), Freyre calls for a really scientific study of our common relationship. "One might say that the United States-Latin America relationships need a *sort of Kinsey Report*," he suggests. Part of the difficulty has arisen from the fact that after the Second World War the United States was almost without power competitors in Latin America; all resentment was therefore concentrated in one direction. This may change now that the Soviet Union is actively in the picture. Brazilians find it hard to understand why North Americans "seem to have neglected Latin America—a sort of legitimate wife—for exotic adventures of economic and political don juanism in Africa, Asia, and Europe." Some Americans also find it hard to understand.

Many Latin Americans will quarrel with Freyre's suggestion that Latin America sees in the United States "a masculine power" which some of the more "feminine" Latin-American nations are inclined to consider unstable in its "protective behavior toward them." But they would all agree that the United States must not be opportunistic but predictable, and must work on settled principles. Freyre suggests, among other things, that the United States stop sending nothing but successful businessmen as ambassadors to Latin-American republics, that its representatives abandon the "time-is-money" attitude, and that Americans drop their surprising conviction of the supremacy of their culture.

The closing chapter, "Why a Tropical China," offers no apology for the Yankeephobes. Indeed, Freyre treats them rather roughly. But it indicates some angles unfamiliar to Americans. Freyre writes not only as an analyst but also as an important actor in recent Brazilian history. He helped to draw up the 1946 constitution of Brazil. He defeated a proposed section embodying a Brazilian version of Perón's "Justicialism," which bore close kinship to Soviet Communism. But he defeated with equal gusto, and for excellent reasons, a proposed clause committing Brazil to a pure free-enterprise system. Brazil is by no means committed to what Americans assume to be capitalism, and its "Yankeephobia . . . identifies the United States with a capitalism considered to be disdainful of everything, including the improvement of the cultural conditions of workers, that does not mean profit for capitalism." The Brazilians will use elements of both socialist and capitalist ideologies. They could, Freyre thinks that they should, and this reviewer believes that they will develop a unique Portuguese-tropical civilization, with a unique economic structure that "may become a vast civilization more widespread even than that of China."

BUTTRESSED by history, expert sociology, and the most meticulous study, and in language often approaching poetry, Freyre makes a tremendous case. If heeded now, it might help the United States see new ways out of the current stalemate in world affairs.

A Chronicle of Small Beer

OTTO FRIEDRICH

BORSTAL BOY, by Brendan Behan. *Knopf. $4.50.*

I first met Brendan Behan about ten years ago at a party that both he and I more or less crashed. An innocuous American girl, wealthy enough to rent an apartment, had gone off and left the place in the hands of some people who soon made it look like the stage setting of *The Alchemist*. It was the usual fracas—a Cuban who insulted everyone, a couple necking on the sofa, a solitary thinker standing next to the bookcase and working his way through *Albertine Disparue*, and Brendan, a burly, red-faced, sloppy lout of a man, standing in a corner and bellowing patriotic Irish songs nobody wanted to hear. Everyone tried to ignore him, which was like ignoring a pneumatic drill.

But this was Saint-Germain-des-Prés, where everyone's business was everyone else's business, where hopeful young writers like Brendan and me read each other's manuscripts—God knows why—and where friendship grew and withered as quickly as hothouse geraniums. Brendan was camping, then, on the bare floor of the room of an Irish composer who lived in the same cheap hotel that I occupied on the Rue Servandoni, and we occasionally wandered about the Luxembourg Gardens late at night—Brendan roaring his opinions that James Joyce was the greatest ——ing writer who ever lived, that only the ——ing scum of Ireland went to America, that most Americans were ——ing scum anyway, and interspersing his recital with obscene ballads.

Not that such swaggering was meant to be taken seriously. Though Brendan boasted of the eight years he had spent in jail as an Irish Republican Army man, he enjoyed having the composer deflate his clownish pose as the Falstaff of Dublin. In his hunger for approval, in his wild storytelling imagination, his jubilation over tiny victories and his rage over tiny defeats, he was like an overgrown child—consciously and deliberately so—and his ballads were as often sentimental as they were obscene. Eventually the money ran out. The last time I saw him, he was staggering along in front of the Royal Saint-Germain, a café packed with Americans in seersucker suits, shouting: "—— the Yanks and Up the Republic!"

BRENDAN achieved success overnight in 1956 by writing *The Quare Fellow*, a tragicomedy of prison life that stands up extremely well in print, away from the melodrama of theatrical production. And now comes *Borstal Boy*, the fairly lurid story of Behan's term in prison and then in a Borstal reform school. It is too long, too filled with trivia. There are fine anecdotes, like the account of the prison priest who got so worked up about Easter that he led the prisoners, all busily picking pockets and swapping food for cigarettes, through the Stations of the Cross; and then there are dozens of stories that amount to nothing. As

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a whole, however, the book is a fascinating attempt to describe in full the atrocious prison chaos out of which Behan's artistry created *The Quare Fellow*. The Irish talent for verbal pyrotechnics is second nature to Behan; he describes a chamber pot as a "covered dish of disgust."

Even in this age of mass imprisonment, any writer faces formidable problems in trying to add anything new to the world's supply of prison literature. The ruses for passing information under the eyes of guards were practiced and presumably written about in the time of Cheops. Yet most of the major prison literature has come from men who were fully formed at the time of their imprisonment. Behan, by contrast, entered prison life at sixteen, and his story fits less into the pattern of the prison memoir than into that of the education of the artist. It is an unconscious parody of that traditional tale of the sniffling and misunderstood young poet at some crude elementary school—but Behan seems to have been completely happy at the Borstal school. After all, he had come there from pre-trial confinement in a jail where "in the morning the slate floor was freezing cold, and over the whole huge wing was a cold smell of urine and bad air like a refrigerated lavatory. It seemed to me the English were very strong on washing and cold, but not so much on air and cleanliness. Like the well-tubbed and close-shaven looks of the screws [guards]—cruel and foul-spoken but always precise and orderly."

BEHAN bitterly survived this, along with his "Chinas" (pals), Chewlips and Charlie and the rest, all oddly respectable-minded despite their robberies and murders. And the subsequent open-air stints in work gangs at Borstal seemed, in contrast, like heaven. With his unquenchable enthusiasm, Behan tells how he won the essay contest, sneaked off to go swimming, learned to play Rugby, served Mass, and sang his interminable songs, and he still takes boyish pleasure in each boyish accomplishment. In *Borstal Boy* he has used up, and even rather abused, the material that made *The Quare Fellow* a fine play. The question now is: What next, Brendan?

Comedy, Laughter, and Fantasy

GERALD WEALES

HENDERSON THE RAIN KING, by Saul Bellow. *Viking. $4.50.*

HARRY VERNON AT PREP, by Franc Smith. *Houghton Mifflin. $3.*

ACROSS PARIS AND OTHER STORIES, by Marcel Aymé. *Harper. $3.50.*

Augie March, you remember, kept a symbolic eagle in his water closet. Since Saul Bellow, in that earlier, very good book of his, got more artistic mileage from the simplest

Chicago scene than he did from the whole bird-training act, the author understandably goes a little easier on symbolic matters these days. The week before the publication of his new novel, Bellow took to the front page of the New York *Times Book Review* and, implicitly at least, warned "deep readers" not to drag their self-conscious, symbol-seeking nets through *Henderson the Rain King*. Perhaps it is as well that he did so. Within the first few chapters after Henderson's arrival in Africa, he sets fire to a bush with his Austrian lighter and comes on a village whose water supply is contaminated with frogs. A burning bush and a plague of frogs—and how Moses does begin to creep into my consciousness. Itelo, the native prince Henderson is forced to wrestle with (is it the Jacob and the angel bit?), says, "I know you now, sir. I do know you," and I find myself almost expecting Henderson to answer, "Who do men say that I am?" But this way lies, if not madness, at least exegesis; Bellow is having none of that, nor am I. The Biblical echoes are intended, but Henderson is not Moses, not Jacob, not Jesus, except insofar as all of us are those figures. He is an outsized millionaire from Danbury, Connecticut. If he is more than that—and, of course, he is more than that—he is the sufferer, the lover, and the clown in all of us.

Before he can become the general, however, Henderson has to be the specific. The strength of Bellow's novel lies in the creation of its main character. Henderson is an immense comic figure, large in size, great in suffering, endlessly yearning. The *I want, I want* that screams inside of him and sends him to Africa in search of peace, or truth, or his essential self remains necessarily vague, because such human longing is no more definable than it is tangible. "Your Highness," says Henderson, "I am really kind of on a quest." The nature of that quest ("I've just got to stop Becoming. Jesus Christ, when am I going to Be") spills out in paragraphs of high, hectic rhetoric, spattered with philosophy, quotation, and revelation. At their best, these paragraphs are cries of pain; at their worst, they are merely ritual. By the end of the book, I found myself reading the outcries impatiently, even though I recognized why they were essential to the form of the work. Bellow's novel is built on the juxtaposition of this shattering sensitivity with the hulking, awkward, inept physical figure of Henderson.

In scene after vivid scene, Henderson takes shape—grotesque and eccentric shape though it be. We see him in his red dressing gown and hunting cap, playing his father's violin, trying, through another's escape hatch, to flee from his corporeality. He reaches for salvation through destruction: a giant man sitting on the floor of the attic, trying, unsuccessfully, to shoot a pussycat around the legs of a table. He tries to be a savior to the Arnewi, but the great, crumpled, helpless Henderson finds himself standing in a rain of dead frogs watching the last precious water of the Arnewi sink into the ground at his feet. When at last he becomes Rain King

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to the Wariri, his is the power of the scapegoat-king in some festivity of Misrule. The incongruity of the man and his spiritual needs becomes the heart of a novel that is genuinely comic in intention.

I do not mean simply that the scenes are funny, although many of them are; laughter is inevitably the product of a mixture of the exotic and Henderson's American practicality which accepts and absorbs everything by translating it into terms that he understands. A tragic writer would have had to let Henderson be destroyed by the force that drives him. Comic vision is able to embrace both the force and the man, the soul and its unlikely vessel. Bellow, in a flashback, puts the youthful Henderson and a bear together on a roller coaster. There, if you please, is a comic symbol of man's relationship to nature and to aspiration. Henderson, remembering the bear, remembering the dead King Dahfu and the live lion cub that receives his spirit, remembering the loving Lily and the loyal Romilayu, having known fear and exaltation and bare existence, accepts, at last, that his spirit is at home in his flesh.

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE—although not a generic one—between the comic novel and the funny book. *Harry Vernon at Prep* belongs in the second category; I laughed out loud at several places in it, even though my ordinary restraint was strengthened by the fact that I was reading it on a train. Franc Smith's short novel is serious, too; its intentions are satiric. If it had been written by Kingsley Amis or another of the English intellectual knockabout comedians, some well-meaning weekly reviewer or publicity man would have exalted it into a Movement. Since it was written by a Boston schoolteacher and since it has made its way into the American instead of the English literary market, it will probably be a little read, a little laughed at, and that will be the end of it.

The plot—what there is of it—concerns an amateur hot-car specialist, a wandering, well-read bum, who finds himself teaching English at an expensive, archaic private school somewhere in New England. The best thing about the novel is the

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE (APRIL 2)

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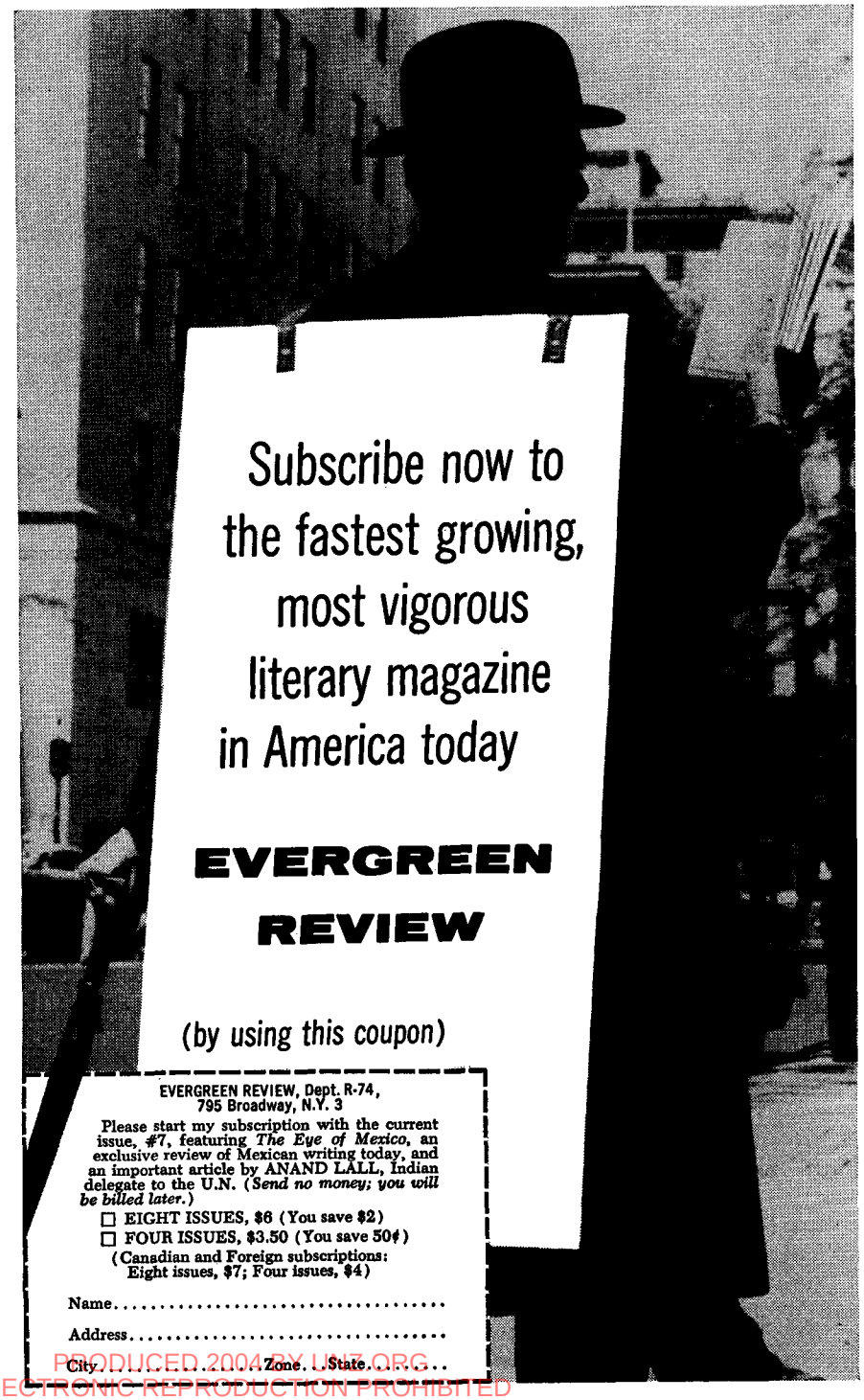
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scenes of slapstick confrontation in which Harry Vernon runs his brand of conning practicality against the intellectual pretensions of his colleagues. Smith has a knack for the quick comic caricature (the Bible teacher, for instance, who begins to scratch nervously whenever he hears mention of sex) and a remarkable sense of irrelevant detail, the chief comic ingredient of the work of so many American humorists. Underlying the novel is an implicit celebration of the honest, homely values—family, children, a job of work (whether it be teaching or bartending) well done. The targets of the satire are familiar ones—inhibition, institutional indifference, complacency, educational jargon, the conforming of nonconformists.

In a statement on the jacket, the author points out that his novel is "a no-quarters assault on phonus balonus." Unfortunately, the book itself is not free from the phony. It is written in a tiresome style that might be called neo-Holden Caulfield, full of expressions like "for Cryeye" and "half-ass" and buried under a deluge of demonstrative adjectives (most nouns are preceded by "this"). *Harry Vernon* gives the impression of having once been a very long episodic novel cut down too stringently; the end comes too suddenly, the romance is only hinted at, the villain is no more than a sketch. As a result, the book is less a satirical novel than it is a series of comic turns. Still, it is often funny.

MARCEL AYME'S sense of the grotesque is as obvious as Bellow's, but he gets his effects by underplaying, not by spotlighting; and his satiric gift, unlike Smith's, is a quiet one, the needle often hidden in an unexpected turn of phrase. In *Across Paris and Other Stories,* Norman Denny has collected and translated a dozen of Aymé's stories. Almost twenty years lie between the earliest and the latest of those collected, but the same imagination, the same wry humor, the same bitter and hesitant sentiment obviously inform them all. Except for the title story, an impressive account of a minor black-market courier who has to kill to protect the dignity of his calling, all the offerings in this book are fantasy. Aymé's characters move easily and naturally between reality and dream; no one is surprised in "The Dwarf" when the titular character suddenly grows full size and changes from one of the looked-at to one of the lookers; when M. Dutilleul in "The Walker-Through-Walls" discovers his unusual ability, he is at first annoyed, later pleased, never astonished. Like all good fairy tales, Aymé's stories give an almost tactile sense of place so that when the unnatural happens it becomes completely natural. The author, who is undeniably fond of the odd, weird, and unexpected, seldom uses fantasy as an end in itself; the best of the stories in *Across Paris*—and most of them are good—use the bizarre to draw attention to some very natural, very human desire, pride, pettiness, or affection. After a few of these stories, the reader is likely to feel quite at home in what Mme. Soubiron, trying to escape her creator in "Martin the Novelist," calls "the realm of the absurd and the unreal."

New Tenants for an Old Slum

NATHAN GLAZER

ISLAND IN THE CITY: THE WORLD OF SPANISH HARLEM, by Dan Wakefield. *Houghton Mifflin. $4.*

This is the first book by Dan Wakefield, whose articles on Southern school integration and the Puerto Ricans in New York have been appearing, mainly in the *Nation,* for the last few years. It is the product of a six-month stay in the tenements of East Harlem—a dingy section of Manhattan, once inhabited by Irish, Italians, and Jews, and now the oldest and most depressed center of Puerto Rican settlement in New York City.

Living among people is certainly the best way of finding out about them, but as anyone who has had dealings with social anthropologists can testify, it is not foolproof. Having just read an uninformative book about New York Puerto Ricans by an anthropologist (Elena Padilla's *Up from Puerto Rico*) and an enlightening one by a reporter (Christopher Rand's *The Puerto Ricans*), I looked forward eagerly to Mr. Wakefield's study, assuming that an independent and yet "committed" reporter would have even more to tell me than a writer for the rather cool *New Yorker.* And there is a good deal of new and valuable information in Mr. Wakefield's book. His account of spiritualism among New York Puerto Ricans is the best I have seen anywhere, and clears up a good deal of confusion on this subject. Most of the rest of his book is useful too. But almost all of it is spoiled by the intrusion of an old and tired and unrewarding way of thinking about problems, and particularly about the kinds of problems that press in upon New York's Puerto Ricans—poor housing, overcrowded schools, drug addiction, juvenile delinquency, misunderstandings between Spanish-speaking children and adults and English-speaking teachers and social workers.

Mr. Wakefield promises us at the beginning of his book, "I am going to stop my talking and let the people and the scenes and the faces talk." But he is too often at their side, directing the performance and breaking in. Are the vast numbers of incoming Puerto Ricans badly housed? Mr. Wakefield is quick to inform us that the government is at fault. Does it take Puerto Rican children a long time to learn English? The school system is at fault. Does it turn out that many of the families on a slum-clearance site are ineligible for public housing? The authorities are at fault. Is there juvenile delinquency and drug addiction? Society is at fault.

MR. WAKEFIELD fails to differentiate between the faults that no authority could reasonably be expected to cope with (such as the fact that fifty thousand impoverished people suddenly come into a city with no place to house them and limited resources to serve them),

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and the faults that are caused by that authority's occasional stupidity or incompetence. Consider his discussion of the schools. When Mr. Wakefield is a reporter, the story he has to tell us is often sober and valuable. He quotes an assistant principal: "One of the biggest [problems] is turnover. Many of the parents are constantly moving. If they move four blocks away they are likely to be in another school district—the neighborhood is that heavily populated. . . . And in September there's always a big influx from Puerto Rico." Such a description would give me pause as I considered what might be done about it. But Mr. Wakefield is given pause by no problem. The severity of his judgment is unrelieved: "The schools have been of little help to the children of Spanish Harlem in escaping the realities of its streets . . . The schools, in fact, have blocked out the possibilities of the world beyond even more profoundly than the tenement buildings around them."

And yet what does Mr. Wakefield's indictment come down to? That most of the schools are old—but how could that be otherwise in an old neighborhood, and does that really much affect the quality of education? That there are few bilingual teachers, and that the policy of the New York schools is to conduct classes in English—but previous generations of immigrant children in New York and elsewhere have gone through schools conducted in English and have learned English rapidly and well enough, and I am sure the same is true for thousands of Puerto Rican children. If Mr. Wakefield believes, as he seems to, that a much better approach to the schooling of Puerto Rican children in New York would be to conduct part of their work in Spanish and under bilingual teachers, then he must do more than attack the authorities for not doing so—he must argue his position. As it is, he is so unfair that even his legitimate criticisms, such as that the board of education does not hire trained Puerto Rican teachers owing to excessively severe standards of "diction," are likely to get lost.

RECORDS

Stereo Roundup

ROLAND GELATT

A PROMINENT central European conductor complained to me recently that stereo recording so dazzles listeners as to blind them to the deeper meaning of music. Yet this very conductor is noted for demanding and getting clean, carefully balanced and blended sonorities from the orchestras he leads—qualities that stereo recording helps appreciably to emphasize. Where does beautiful sound end and deeper meaning begin? Perhaps Sir Thomas Beecham was not far wrong when he asserted, "The point about music is that it should sound well." Even without wading too deeply into the aesthetic relationship of language and sentiment in music, it would seem fairly obvious that sheer sensuous delight is one of the art's chief properties. Insofar as stereo recording enhances the hedonistic aspect of music, it is surely working in an artistically valid direction.

These reflections have been prompted by the appearance on stereo records of three twentieth-century works that could almost have been composed with the potentialities of stereo in mind. They are Ravel's Piano Concerto in G, played by Nicole Henriot-Schweitzer and the Boston Symphony under Charles Munch (RCA Victor LSC 2271); Prokofiev's *Cinderella* ballet, substantial portions of which have been recorded by Robert Irving and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (Angel S35529); and Aaron Copland's *Appalachian Spring* ballet, performed by the London Symphony under Walter Susskind's direction (Everest SDBR 3002). These

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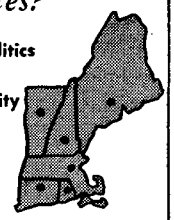

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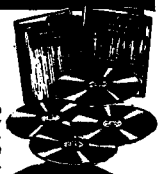

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recordings drench the ear with the radiant effects that stereo conveys so well—the sound of soft brass billowing through gauzy harp glissandos in the Ravel, the prismatic breadth of instrumentation in the Prokofiev *pas de deux*, the serene, open glaze of strings and woodwind in the introduction and peroration of the Copland. In addition, the interpretations of these three modern classics are as discerning and well wrought as the recordings are opulent. Initiates to stereo could not find better display pieces for their new equipment.

BRUNO WALTER, whose musical career dates back to the distant nineteenth-century era of Bülow, Mottl, and Richter, has been engaged in an unabashedly contemporary pursuit. During recent months he has been systematically re-recording for stereo a sizable portion of his basic repertoire, notably the symphonies of Brahms and Beethoven. The stereo sessions took place neither in Vienna nor in New York, cities customarily associated with this conductor, but in Los Angeles. Dr. Walter is eighty-two and no longer in robust health. To get him back into the recording studio, Columbia had to locate a suitable hall within easy motoring distance of Walter's Beverly Hills home and assemble there an orchestra capable of fulfilling his intentions and willing to work with him at an unrigorous pace.

The first of these stereo recordings are now at hand, the Eroica and Pastoral Symphonies (Columbia MS 6036 and MS 6012, respectively). In them, *dolce far niente* predominates over *Sturm und Drang*. This is Beethoven ripened and mellowed, seen through the eyes of a genial veteran who knows better than to raise his voice unduly. In the Sixth Symphony this easygoing and relaxed style is beautifully apposite, but it becomes somewhat debatable when applied to the prickly surfaces of the Third. Dr. Walter's Eroica is pliant and gentle where we have been conditioned, chiefly by Toscanini, to expect taut, hard-knuckled assertion. Nobody can be more persuasively pliant than Bruno Walter, and he momentarily convinces us of the rightness of his way; but further reflection causes one to question whether Walter is in fact expounding what Beethoven meant to convey in this supremely muscular symphony.

There can be no question, at any rate, about the technical accomplishment of the recording. Stereo delivers the full weight of Beethoven's hammered *sforzando* chords, clarifies the contrapuntal interplay of instruments, and allows subsidiary strands of melody to be heard in natural perspective. However posterity may judge Bruno Walter's Beethoven, it will have first-rate evidence on which to base an opinion.

MUSIC of the "olde English" type is not ordinarily my cup of tea, but I have had to make an exception for "Catch That Catch Can," a collection of English catches from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries recorded in stereo by the New York Catch Club (Expériences Anonymes EA 0312). Catches are essentially rounds for three or more voices, but indelicate rounds, as distinguished from the innocent "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" variety. They were much in vogue during the reign of Charles II, and—as *Grove's Dictionary* decorously observes—were "contaminated with the prevailing and fashionable vice" of that period. It is just possible that they will come back into vogue during the present reign of Metalious and O'Hara.

Some of the verses recorded here are blatantly bawdy; others, superficially chaste, turn ribald in performance through ingeniously contrived verbal juxtapositions. All are skillful examples of *double-entendre*, lifted into the realm of art by the talent of Henry Purcell and several less celebrated composers, who set these lighthearted sallies to music at once jaunty and polished, impudent and urbane. The tenors of the New York Catch Club expertly negotiate the intricate part-writing and render the lyrics with fitting dead-pan rectitude.

HAYDN'S COMPOSITIONS for piano form one of the great unprospected lodes in musical literature. Except for the occasionally played *Andante con Variazioni*, Haydn is almost never found on the programs of touring virtuosos. More surprisingly, Haydn's piano music has been just as sadly neglected by the record companies. The obvious inference that the music must be neglected for good cause does not apply at all in this case. On the contrary, Haydn's best work for the piano is of equivalent stature to his best work in the symphonic and chamber-music vein—something that cannot be said of Haydn's great contemporary Mozart.

Anniversaries, however, right all injustices, and in this sesquicentennial year of Haydn's death the piano literature is at last receiving some overdue attention. This fall RCA Victor will bring out an album of Haydn keyboard music played by Wanda Landowska. Meanwhile, we already have an admirable Haydn collection performed by Wilhelm Backhaus (London CS 6060). It contains three sonatas (No. 34 in E minor, No. 48 in C major, No. 52 in E flat major), the Fantasia in C major, and the *Andante con Variazioni*, and is furnished with annotations by H. C. Robbins Landon that are far more informative than the usual jacket palaver.

The five works make a splendid case for Haydn's piano music, and so for the most part does Backhaus. He excels in the E flat Sonata, in which the majestic sweep of the opening movement, the stately, highly embroidered tread of the Adagio, and the coruscating *brio* of the Presto could not be more grandly delineated. The crystalline agility of this seventy-five-year-old pianist is literally incredible. He disappoints only where the music calls for more soulfulness than he is prepared to give, most particularly in the poignant major-minor alternations of the E minor Sonata's concluding rondo.

This disc shows, incidentally, that stereo techniques can be profitably employed in the solo piano repertory. Early stereo recordings split the piano incongruously into halves. Here the instrument is well unified and the sound has exceptional body and solidity. This is the closest that the phonograph has yet come to duplicating the vibrant "feel" of a grand piano in the living room.

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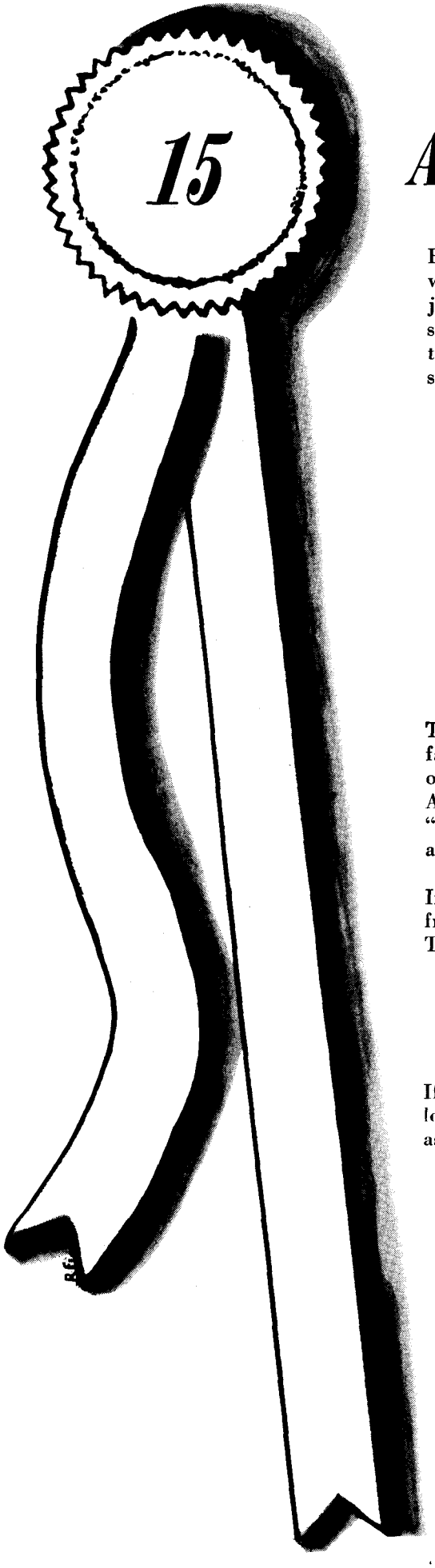

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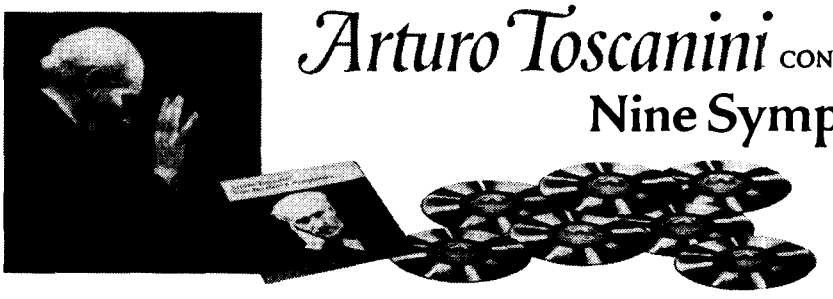

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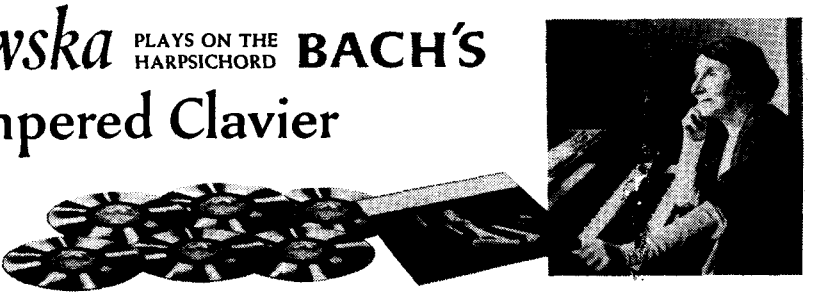

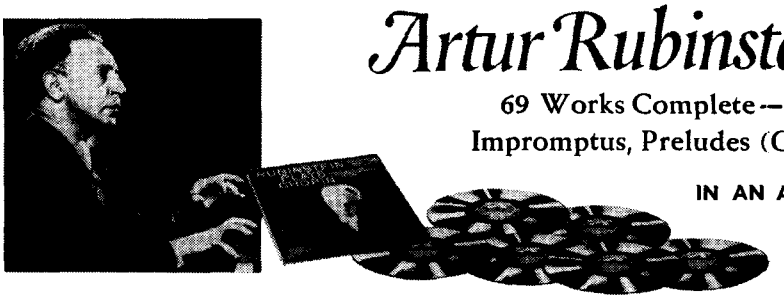

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